New Statesman

The Week-end Review

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HONOURS
Christmas Twice a Year
by Andrew Roth
Gold-Plated Coronets
by Paul Johnson

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After Morgan Phillips

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KINGSLEY MARTIN
Gandhi and Goa

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The Agony of Haiti

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MUGGERIDGE
on Spies

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Alvarez on 'Encounter'

Obstructing the Law

WITHIN the last few days Britain's influence at the UN has further declined. Indeed last week-end the Secretary-General found it necessary to deliver what amounted to a public rebuke to the British delegation. It is important to understand exactly why our reputation at UN headquarters now stands so low. In the past Britain has often voted against UN majority resolutions. The Secretariat may regret this; but they recognise that Britain, like other powers, has the right to defend what it believes to be its national interests, provided it does so honestly and publicly.

The real objection which is taken to Britain's conduct over Katanga is that it has been hypocritical and underhand. While publicly endorsing the object of the UN Congo operations, the British government has, in practice, sought to prevent its attainment. Its UN delegation has, on a number of occasions, proved obstructive; its local Congo representatives have brazenly interfered in UN operations; and its response to UN requests for arms and munitions has been arbitrary and disingenuous.

Worse than this, there is now circumstantial evidence that Britain has indirectly helped to sustain resistance to the UN. British weapons, recently supplied, have been found in the headquarters of the Union Minière, which, until its capture, was the centre of anti-UN activity in Katanga. Even more serious are UN charges, which appear well-founded (and which are certainly not disposed of by Sir Roy Welensky's rude disclaimers) that substantial military supplies have been reaching the Katangans from Northern Rhodesia.

It may be true that the British government cannot be held entirely responsible for all Sir Roy Welensky's activities. But in protocol, Britain is still generally responsible for the foreign relations of the Central African Federation and can be held accountable for them. What is more to the point, it is directly responsible for Northern Rhodesia, a territory still administered by the Colonial Office. It has both the duty and the means to halt gun-running – whether official or unofficial – across its frontiers. In the light of the latest UN charges, denials by the federal government that such traffic is officially taking place can no longer be accepted as adequate. Unless it is ended forthwith, the world will be driven to conclude that Britain is knowingly assisting the forces of disorder.

The ambiguity (to use a polite word) of Britain's attitude to the UN springs, unfortunately, from a basic misunderstanding of the role that the UN plays in world politics. It is a Tory commonplace to represent it as being, of its essence, anti-British; the mere instrument of the Afro-Asian powers; and the instigator of anti-colonial revolution. The UN, in fact, is none of these things. Its political colouring inevitably reflects the interests of those members who take a most active part in its operations. If the government really feels that the smaller, unaligned powers now exercise undue influence, the answer is for Britain to make a renewed effort to correct the bias from within the organisation – not to attempt to sabotage it from without.

Equally, in the colonial field, it is misleading to accuse the UN of political motives. The UN did not create the anti-colonial revolution. It was merely brought in, belatedly, to impose some semblance of order on an historical process which had already become irreversible. The origin of the Congo's troubles lies not in the UN but in the failure of the Belgians to prepare its peoples for self-government; and the UN can easily refute the charge that it has in fact compounded disorder by pointing to Algeria, where it is excluded, and where chaos is now absolute. The philosophy of the UN is, indeed, simple and unassailable. It neither favours nor opposes change; but it argues that, where change is inevitable, it should be conducted under due process of law. This, it should be remembered, was precisely the message of Mr Macmillan's 'wind of change' speech. It is humiliating that he should have allowed his vision to be obscured by the antics of a few ignorant backbenchers.

Comments on the Week's News

Paris

A Happy New Year?

Our Paris Correspondent writes: At last a ray of hope can be seen through the overcast of French politics. The secret negotiations between France and the FLN seem to have reached their final phase. It is even believed in some quarters that, in their New Year messages, President de Gaulle and M. Ben Khedda will announce the good news to their compatriots simultaneously in Paris and Tunis. There are plenty of telling signs that there is something in the air. Just before Christmas Ben Khedda broke off his visit to the Middle East and returned hot-foot to Tunis; the Algerians have been particularly moderate in the United Nations and, unusually, have not put down any violently anti-French resolution; finally, there was de Gaulle's Christmas amnesty for several thousands of Algerians serving sentences of less than five years. In a word, the two belligerents have made their public gestures of good will.

Less clear, unfortunately, is what the secret negotiators have agreed about. Those whom I would consider realists believe that the resumption of negotiations will be accompanied by a cease-fire for a three-week period.

I have no doubt that de Gaulle would like to end the Algerian war as quickly as possible. But I believe that the Algerians are moving with great caution and that they are not prepared to accept a peace until after at least preliminary decisions have been taken on all the legal questions involved. They make no secret of the fact that they have insufficient confidence in France, and in the French authorities in Algeria, to wait and see how these matters turn out later. No doubt their fears have increased in the face of the violent demonstrations of force by the OAS and the obvious inability of the French government to put this organisation of extremists out of action. How, they argue, can one trust a government which cannot even assure the safety of its own officials to hold the ring for a referendum and to protect a provisional administration?

For all these reasons I believe that the end of the Algerian war depends on more than negotiations between France and Algeria, welcome and important though these are. An essential preliminary is the liquidation of the OAS.

London

New Boroughs

GEOFFREY DRAIN *writes:* The publication of details of the proposed London boroughs marks the start of a period of intense political campaigning. The politics of reorganisation, indeed, are so complicated that they may play a larger part in the debate on the proposals than any discussion of administrative merits and drawbacks. For one thing, the scheme cuts across the political map of London and the Home Counties, and the vested political interests will not coincide with the logic of geography, population and resources. Yet that political argument is a factor that must be taken fully into account.

The 34 new boroughs will replace the present Greater London hotch-potch of authorities of all types, shapes and sizes, and will be the primary units of local government. They will vary in population range from 181,581 to 361,933 (with the exception of the City, which will have borough status with a population of only 4,771), and in area from the tightly packed central boroughs of Kensington-Chelsea or Hampstead-St Pancras-Holborn (what new names will be found for them all?) to the sprawling suburban authorities which will result from such amalgamations as Beckenham, Penge, Bromley and Orpington, or some of the Surrey amalgamations.

These will be substantial authorities, with an effective range of powers and adequate financial resources, although there will be some vagueness about the full extent of the latter until the effect of the 1963 rate revaluation is known. Whether they will remain so is a matter for speculation. The Greater London Authority will start off with minimal powers, but time will show whether so large and potentially powerful a regional authority will remain content to play second fiddle. The conflict between regionalism and full local government still lies in the future.

The plan has major implications for local authority staffs. There will be little or no redundancy – all the present jobs have still to be done, albeit under different managements – but for some there will be changes in status, location and career prospects. There will also be bigger and more responsible posts than can be offered by many of the present authorities. The staff which has served local authorities in Greater London under the present system can provide the skill and talent necessary for the success of the new scheme. It is, however, important to make early and reassuring arrangements to deal with this aspect of reorganisation, so that those upon whom its success largely depends will feel that they are a key factor in the situation and not a lightly considered afterthought.

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NEXT WEEK

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by EMILE BUSTANI

SIR ISAIAH BERLIN *on E. H. Carr*

New Towns

Winding Up

A Correspondent writes: Two of the 14 new towns launched after 1946 are now nearing completion: Crawley and Hemel Hempstead are to be taken over by the recently appointed New Towns Commission in the spring. In its parental concern for the new towns, the Town and Country Planning Association has last week issued a memorandum on the Commission's tasks. This points out that when the Commission takes over each town will be only two-thirds complete, and that the second development stage of 'natural growth' will last another 15 to 20 years. In this period thousands more houses will be needed by new families created in the town. The overriding need will be for houses to rent, and the Commission should build these, says the Association, because the local authorities cannot afford to. Land and property should be leased, never sold.

There seems to be little hope, however, that the Commission will give generous aid towards the social buildings and amenities which all the towns lack. Its primary purpose is to increase the value of the properties it takes over and maximise the financial return on them. That this object is to be pursued single-mindedly is made clear by the first appointments to the Board of the Commission. The chairman, Sir Duncan Anderson, is best known as the man who wound up the groundnuts scheme. The other members are a City accountant, a chartered surveyor, the finance director of Ford's, a retired general and a Conservative woman alderman. It is not surprising that Labour councils in the new towns are voicing again their long-held fears that the towns may be sold off to private speculators.

Against this background, the Labour Party's pamphlet, *Towns for our Times,* makes refreshing reading. Many more, and some much larger, new towns are advocated as key parts of a programme to revitalise remoter areas and develop strong counter-magnets to the pull of London, Birmingham and other big-city regions.

The Labour Party recognises that the two essential conditions for effective town and regional planning are a co-ordinated national development policy and an extension of public land ownership. At present the seven or eight separate government departments concerned with land planning and development pursue their own policies not only independently but often in conflict with each other. Thus the Minister of Housing seeks to reduce population in Merseyside so that it can be rebuilt to better standards, but the Board of Trade guides 20,000 new jobs into the area and strengthens the pressures for sprawl and over-development. The land ownership proposals were first put forward in *Signpost for the Sixties.* Briefly they propose a Land Commission to buy land needed for development or redevelopment, and then lease sites to public and private developers. Previous owners would be paid something above existing use values to encourage willing sale. Implemented on this basis alone, the scheme would undoubtedly break down. The extensive use of compulsory powers would be necessary to assemble sites large enough for comprehensive development and to by-pass the opposition of owners who would care little for a modest financial bonus.

Belgrade

'Capitalist Tendencies'

A Special Correspondent writes: At a recent Central Committee meeting President Tito attacked some senior officials whose 'sense of responsibility' had become too weak, and went on to reject arguments – which sound like an echo of the original criticisms made by Milovan Djilas – that suggested that the League of Communists is losing its original purpose and is no longer so important.

The problem which gave rise to the discussion at the meeting is that of the redistribution of the income of Yugoslav firms. Under the existing system of economic self-government, workers' councils – after putting aside money for the federal and local governments – may decide how much will be ploughed back or distributed to various funds, and how much left for the wages of the workers. In 1961, it seems, too much has been distributed in the form of wages and salaries, and Tito attacked leading Communists for setting a bad example.

The free forces in the economy and democratic institutions in general have been given more scope in Yugoslavia than in any other Communist country. Against this background the Central Committee has now called for greater 'ideological unity', declaring that party members should play a more active role in 'guiding' the country's economic and social development. This applied particularly to the problem of distributing income according to work performed, and to the detailed formulation of a wages policy right down to the factory level. It seems clear that the present system has distorted the income structure, leading to material privileges, in the form of excessive pay differentials to some individuals, firms and even local authorities. To accomplish this change, the party must use both its own and the state organisations to achieve a more controlled economy. Monetary control was recently introduced, and it is understood that the 1962 plan will provide more detailed directives than has latterly been the case.

All this comes at the end of a year during which industrial productivity has grown more slowly. Since there has also been an extremely poor harvest, there is no room for high spending at home or relatively high international commitments. A brake on distributed incomes will therefore be necessary. The Central Committee believes that party officials must set an example in austerity if this policy is to be supported by the people.

Fleet Street

Educating Jack Moron

FRANCIS WILLIAMS *writes:* A revolutionary idea is now beginning to circulate in Fleet Street. It is that it might just possibly be a good thing if journalists were better educated. Careful students of the British press in some of its manifestations may be forgiven for wondering why. However let us not be cynical. Although journalism is not, except here and there, a profession for academics, there is, despite some appearances, a case for arguing, as the Royal Commission on the Press did 12 years ago, that not only is it important that the journalist should have a good general education but that 'his level of education needs to be higher than that of the mass of his readers and as the general level rises so should his'. This does not seem to be happening. The newspaper industry has fallen behind almost every other in the post-war years in trying to attract the intelligent and reasonably educated. As a consequence journalism tends to be very low on the list of schoolmasters and university appointments boards when they come to advise bright students on their choice of professions.

Only six per cent of those entering journalism – usually by way of training schemes in the provinces – are university graduates, and only 12 per cent of those who become articled juniors on the staffs of provincial weeklies (the great majority) or evening papers on leaving school have any 'A' level certificates. Most have 'O' level certificates but there are 12 per cent with no educational qualifications.

While most industries and professions have gone all out to recruit talent and have been prepared to spend large sums of money in cosseting and encouraging it when they get it, the investment of the newspaper industry in human terms has been derisory. There has been no serious attempt to interest the intelligent young and their teachers and mentors in the possibilities of journalism as a career. The National Council for the Training of Journalists has done its best. Some of the big provincial groups like Thomson Newspapers, the Westminster Press and Northcliffe Newspapers have organised educational and training courses for their own juniors. The present editor of the *Sunday Times* has been particularly active as editorial director of the Thomson group, both now and when it was the Kemsley Press, in trying to put training on a planned and sensible basis, and in seeking to attract graduates. But a great many of those who do go into journalism still have to learn by the Squeers method – often at rates of pay well below those demanded by any self-respecting office boy.

No one in his senses, of course, wants to make journalism too rigid a profession – or semi-profession. Unless you have an indestructible taste for it it is not a trade that will bring you either happiness or success. There is also a case for arguing that the journalist's education should not be so far ahead of his readers as to put him out of touch. Newspapers reflect the society of which they are a part. If they are to be honest reflectors

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those who edit them and write for them must share a good many of the ideas, aspirations and even the prejudices of those they cater for.

But the fact remains that in recruitment and education, as in a good deal of its technical development and industrial relations, the newspaper industry is lagging badly behind. Fortunately this is beginning to be realised. The contributions of the Newspaper Society and the Newspaper Proprietors' Association to the national training scheme – although still absurdly low by comparison with the money invested in comparable schemes by other industries – have recently been substantially increased. Now the possibility of a residential college is being investigated by the National Council and its new director, Mr John Dodge. This needs a capital outlay of perhaps £250,000 and an annual budget of between £30,000 and £35,000 – not much when one looks at the balance sheets of some of the great newspaper groups. Whether the money will be raised remains to be seen.

After Morgan Phillips

The following article is based on a study paper, not yet published, prepared by a group of Young Fabians.

In the next few months the Labour Party has to make a decision which has only four times previously confronted it in its entire history. Nor will precedent be of much assistance in taking it – for the four men who since 1900 have held the secretaryship of the Labour Party have all been very different. There was, first of all, Ramsay Macdonald (1900-11), who was able to use the post as his jumping-off board for the leadership. Then for over 20 years reigned the benign Arthur Henderson – who at one stage, in his capacity as the universal uncle of the Labour movement, actually combined the job with the leadership.

Henderson's resignation in 1934 was, however, followed by a sharply contrasting type of appointment – that of the quiet, self-effacing J. S. Middleton, who for many years had been Henderson's office manager and who virtually continued in that role even when given the full authority of the secretaryship. Then in 1944 came the choice of Mr Morgan Phillips – who from the conventional background of being a constituency agent, a regional organiser and a Transport House departmental official went on to astonish both his friends and his critics by a firm assertion of the power of the party's chief executive.

Perhaps the principal trouble about finding a comparable successor to Mr Phillips is that all the more obvious candidates are virtually ruled out. In 1934, against the advice of the National Executive, the Labour Party Conference made an important and decisive amendment to the constitution. From that day to this the Secretary of the Labour Party has been prohibited either from standing as a candidate for parliament or from sitting in it.

Quite apart from the effect of this edict in restricting the party's current field of choice (only one of the possible candidates for the job now in parliament is apparently willing to sacrifice his seat), its very existence is probably symptomatic of the greatest single weakness in the Labour Party's structure. For there is, of course, a serious lack of co-ordination between Transport House and the parliamentary party. There is no continuous line of command, no effective link in their daily operations and no central thought connecting the theme of their political propaganda. After the last election, when it should have been tackled, this problem was pushed into the background by the Clause Four controversy; now – as a direct consequence of that wholly sterile incident – any mention of changing the constitution (or indeed of bringing the party's machinery up to date) is looked upon with the gravest suspicion. But for that, the National Executive would probably have little difficulty in persuading this year's conference to reverse the prohibition against an MP serving as General Secretary.

For the case for having a parliamentary leader in charge of Transport House is overwhelming – though he would naturally need under him a director-general working in very much the same way as a permanent secretary works in the civil service under his political minister. The advantages of such a system can be seen from a window of Transport House. For in the Conservative Central Office Mr Macleod possesses all the powers necessary to carry through his decisions both in the Commons and in his party's machine.

A similar type of appointment within the Labour Party was, in fact, considered by the National Executive after the October 1959 general election – but it was rejected on the grounds that it would confer too much power on one man and also that it would involve a substantial transfer of authority from the National Executive to the parliamentary party. These objections, however, misunderstand the position. A leading parliamentarian as General Secretary would not be appointed by the leader or indeed by the parliamentary party: he would still have to be elected by conference on the recommendation of the NEC and he would continue to draw his authority from both those bodies in exactly the same way as the last two party secretaries have done.

The Labour Party, in fact, now has a unique chance to solve at one blow many of its most difficult problems of co-ordination. It could get halfway there simply by announcing now that it proposes to accept applications for the general secretaryship from members of parliament. What at the moment seems far more likely to happen, however, is that power will be divided between two men – the Deputy Leader and a new – primarily administrative – General Secretary.

This arrangement – though far from ideal – might perhaps be made to work provided the Deputy Leader himself was freed of all responsibility and given a publicly acknowledged authority over the party machine. He could then concentrate on the tactical field (which would include publicity and the day-by-day campaigning of the party both in parliament and outside) while the party secretary could function as a kind of glorified national agent, supervising constituency organisation and preparing long-term strategy.

Certainly an openly made and conference-approved arrangement of this kind would be far preferable to what is now evidently being attempted. Under what seems to be the present scheme the Deputy Leader, in addition to holding one of the important 'shadow' portfolios in the House, has been made chairman of the organisation sub-committee of the National Executive. By virtue of this position he is apparently to be built up as an 'overlord' of Transport House – and of the new General Secretary when he is appointed. The obvious difficulty of this scheme is that it seeks to confer the powers of the General Secretary on a parliamentary figure without any formal appointment. Furthermore mysteriously to extend the authority of the chairman of one committee to embrace the whole party headquarters seems certain to confuse the chain of command more than ever before, to create friction within the executive and to leave the new General Secretary in a most invidious position.

But the new General Secretary (whoever he may turn out to be) will need all available status in order to carry out the urgent reforms that are needed within the party head office itself. His first task must be to achieve a far greater measure of administrative efficiency. The Labour Party is a big concern, and it is high time it woke up to changes in management methods. There is strong reason to believe that, after a thorough check by a skilled consultant specialising in 'O and M', it would be possible both to streamline the office and secure financial economy. One example of present weakness is that consultation between the various heads of departments is at the moment purely informal and personal. There is no regular machinery for bringing together key figures to review the work of the head office. Thus, despite valuable initiatives by the staff, there is still within Transport House no proper upward and downward flow of ideas – which are not only useful in themselves but are also essential to good morale.

A second job that must be tackled is clearly the whole question of salary scales. The Labour Party may not be able to afford as large a staff as the Tories (with, for example, their highly paid press officers in each of the dozen political areas). But this cannot be accepted as a justification for the low salaries now being paid to those who do work for the party. Not only does the present situation mean that Transport House cannot recruit men of the quality it needs – and that people frequently leave it for higher returns – but it also means even more disturbingly that the party is sometimes satisfied with inadequate work from those who are, frankly, not up to the mark and whose services would not be retained if they were paid a figure appropriate to the job that they are expected to do.

The new General Secretary must also have the confidence and the courage to examine the whole committee structure of the National Executive. These committees currently closely resemble those operated in local authorities – and the arrangement is perhaps seen at its worst in the publicity committee which is largely made up of people without any special knowledge or experience in this field. Significantly broadcasting and television are at the moment handled separately from the rest of publicity – and though this may be at present a mercy, it is scarcely a suitable permanent arrangement. Were a high powered Director of Information to be appointed, all the party's efforts in the various media could immediately be brought under his control.

In virtually every field, in fact, the new General Secretary should be both armed and prepared to introduce radical reforms. The National Executive will be wise to allow him to go about them in his own way; for he,

after all, is ultimately the man who is expected to make the machine work. Nothing could be more foolish than to cramp his style by maintaining the present lugubrious supervision by countless committees over everything he does. Indeed the tragedy may well turn out to be that no one possessing the requisite qualities of imagination, drive, enthusiasm and vitality could possibly feel seriously attracted to what appears to be the Labour Party's conception of the post it is about to advertise.

Gandhi and Goa

KINGSLEY MARTIN

No doubt Nehru is right in claiming that India is completely united over action in Goa. Indians can make no sense of the criticism that he has betrayed the teaching of Gandhi. In fact the Mahatma's teaching on use of force was never simple nor wholly pacifist.

Gandhi was an Indian nationalist, who struggled to end British rule, arguing that foreign domination entailed evil for both conqueror and conquered. Non-violence was, he believed, the most effective as well as the best method against the British, and he tried to build it into a universal principle, which might perhaps even be used if the Japanese invaded India. But in many situations he saw that it would be hypocritical to pretend that the mass of Indians would genuinely accept non-violence because it was moral; and he repeatedly said that, though it was best to resist evil non-violently, it was better to fight than to give in from cowardice or apathy. About Goa itself he said that 'in free India Goa cannot be allowed to exist as a separate entity in opposition to the laws of a free state'. He denounced Portuguese rule there as a reign of terror and he would assuredly have blamed Nehru for waiting 14 years before completing India's independence.

The notion that Gandhi was an unpractical saint did not survive the briefest acquaintance with him. When I first saw him in 1931 I wrote that I wondered if he were more saint or fox. He was an extremely shrewd politician as well as a moralist. In discussion he would begin by laying down an absolute moral principle and he would not bargain at all until he was convinced that his opponent sincerely desired a just solution. Once sure of an opponent's sincerity, he became a subtle and flexible negotiator. It was not until the Cabinet mission went to India after the war that he was willing to listen to British promises, because it was only then that he became convinced that the British government really intended to quit. He was then ready to compromise.

In January 1948, three days before his assassination, I had a talk with him about the Kashmir war. Kashmir had already become set in the pattern in which it has remained ever since. The mountain areas were effectively part of Pakistan, and Jammu similarly was part of India. Only the boundaries and status of the Valley could still be reasonably discussed. I remarked to the Mahatma that the partition of Kashmir appeared to be the only alternative to war. But he would have none of it and he was prepared for India to defend her legal rights by force. So we discussed how far non-violence, which is a powerful weapon for throwing out an occupying power, can serve the purposes of established government. How could non-violence be applied in Kashmir? Did the principle break down as soon as those who had won by non-violence found themselves inheriting the responsibilities of the government they had overthrown? On this I got no clear guidance from the Mahatma, though he directed me to read Tolstoy.

I am therefore dubious whether Gandhi would have blamed Nehru for sending troops into Goa. If he was prepared to resist violence with the army in Kashmir, he would probably have overlooked its use in Goa. He would certainly have supported the non-violent demonstrators who attempted to liberate Goa in 1954, as he had in the previous non-violent effort in 1946. In 1954, 15 people were shot by the Portuguese as they sat on the ground. Nehru put a stop to such attempts as likely to lead both to more bloodshed and to insistent demands by Indian public opinion that the army should be used. In 1960 many thousands have been prepared to offer non-violence in Goa, and Nehru is certainly right in saying that, by using the army, he saved the bloodshed which further demonstrations would have caused: if there had been a massacre of non-violent resisters the fury of Indians everywhere would have led to many more casualties than the very few who lost their lives in what Indians regard as mere police action.

Gandhi and Nehru were both sticklers for principles, but not necessarily for absolute pacifism. Nehru has recalled in a television programme that the Mahatma fasted in order to compel the Indian government to pay a large sum of money to Pakistan, though the two countries were at war. Gandhi was prepared for India to use force against Pakistan, but not for her to go back on her word. Today Nehru stands for colonial freedom with the minimum of force, just as Gandhi sought Indian independence by non-violence.

London Diary

CHARON

Every year in our period is a fever patient. 1961's temperature chart is a septicaemia case – pre-pencillin – for ever oscillating between 104 degrees and 99. Once it looked as if Kennedy was going to prove a disappointingly unfavourable symptom, but since the Cuban crisis he has normalised. Despite the African sweats and all other flushes, I still find myself most intrigued by deStalinisation and the Russo-Chinese differences.

1962 looks like being septicaemia continued – at any rate until we reach the Common Market when a new and possibly fatal British doom-syndrome may appear, South Africa is the watched pot that has yet to boil. Among the healthier certainties is a compromise agreement over Berlin, though the resulting *détente* will be limited. The Cold War is going – to use the current American diplomatic phrase – to be institutionalised. You don't need to be the Delphic Oracle to foretell about twice as much trouble in France, or a rough time for Dr Salazar. At home Macmillan's vein of luck, or constitutional strength, to continue the medical metaphor, began to run out this autumn. That endearing cynical complacency which lets him derive quiet amusement from the antics of his two chief anti-ministers, Selwyn Lloyd and Lord Home, is going to be strained. As Bow Groupers pull long faces and back-benchers clatter cloven hooves, there is a nasty whiff of reaction in the air. We may or may not look back on 1961 as the last of never-had-it-so-good; but in future history books it will surely be diagnosed as the year when the Queen's Chief Minister really got down to business as chief liquidator of the British Empire.

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For those who enjoy reflecting – always a popular pastime at the turn of the year – how everything is sinking into a hole in the floor, the story of the Surrey teenagers, led by the *soi-disant* witch of Guildford, who grew their own hemp for reefers, must be a deliriously exciting titbit. In fact, its not really such an untypical youthful freak. Drugs often have a peculiar appeal – in theory – to romantic adolescents, who are fascinated by magical powers and mystical states. With the more advanced literary imaginative types, the phase would occur long before 17. I can think of three cases from my own experience. A is now a successful stockbroker and a High Anglican churchwarden. At the age of 13, when he was in no other respects a problem child, he

became, for most of one Easter holiday, quite seriously addicted to his grandmother's valerian drops. B, now a consultant physician who works an 18-hour day and is a devoted father and husband, was at 16 a bold and determined ether-sniffer, sometimes carrying his experiments to the verge of unconsciousness. C, when I last saw him, was a very healthy looking, if only moderately successful, naval officer. As a 14-year-old he used to spend afternoon after afternoon brewing a mixture of fountain-pen ink, Jeyes Fluid and deadly-nightshade berries. He never, naturally, administered it to anyone, but it plainly gave him some potent inner satisfaction. Anyone of these three might have started growing their own reefers if the properties of hemp, and the ease with which it can be cultivated, had been as widely publicised then as it is to-day.

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As for witches, I can remember myself at a very tender age confiding in a nine-year-old girl about a nightmare of mine whose most alarming feature was being spat at by witches. She listened gravely. 'Oh yes,' she said, 'those must have been the Essex spitter witches. I'm one of them myself. You'd better be very careful.'

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What an extraordinary old monster Frank Richards, or Charles Hamilton, must have been. Sitting there in his skull-cap and shawl, like a pterodactyl, tapping out all those billions of words about identical adventures of preposterous schoolboys who never were – by land or sea. Croaking shrilly to his housekeeper – he was, perhaps not surprisingly, a total bachelor – in his tuck-shop lingo of burps and splutters. This is one way of stopping the clock, and I hope he enjoyed every minute. He knew very well what he was at. He showed you this plainly, not only in his flirting with Orwell in *Horizon* in 1940, but also the other day in a TV interview, when he implied that his life's work had been to offer the working-class boy a dream public school – Greyfriars. Part of the charm for all classes, of course, was that cosy anarchy, possibly inspired by Kipling's *Stalky and Co.* I don't know whether I can go all the way with Orwell in his admiration for Bunter as a literary character, but this retarded 15-year-old Falstaff cannot be denied his power as an anti-hero. And you could see, from the way the actors on TV were able to get their teeth into their roles, that Richards had the essential knack of characterisation. Kynaston Reeves's rendering of Dr Quelch was an especially masterful creation.

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A student of West German political form tells me that one of the people who may play an unwittingly important role behind the scenes of Europe during the coming year is Adenauer's personal physician, a lady doctor of forceful character. Whenever the old gentleman is suffering from one of his not infrequent indispositions, she exercises strict control over visitors. Those whom she decides, often rather arbitrarily, are likely to send his temperature up are refused access. Unfortunately the ban does not extend to Dr Globke, in whom she appears to discern, for reasons best known to herself, an anti-pyretic quality. It should still be some time before Adenauer approaches the condition reached by Hindenburg in his latter days. Readers of my generation will remember the elaborate precautions that had to be taken to prevent the aged President signing everything – even sandwich papers.

In the various catalogues of royal or otherwise historic presents that I have recently seen listed, the Tsar's famous Fabergé Easter eggs, costing anything from £10,000 and upwards, were, as usual, strongly featured. There was, however, one group of English Edwardian curiosities of royal taste that got omitted. These were the replicas in semi-precious stones of the Sandringham farm animals which Edward VII got Fabergé and some of his craftsmen to execute as a Christmas present for Queen Alexandra.

★ ★ ★

It's nearly eight years since I gave up smoking but I still follow form and the craving is never far off. The most significant change seems to be the increasing taste for American cigarettes. One firm is asking to be allowed to introduce molasses into its process – the official British regulation permits nothing to be added to tobacco except water – so as to capture that sweet copy-writer's 'tongue-tang'. (Sometimes during the war, when American cigarettes were being smoked in a close room, you could almost taste it in the air.) The passing of the Turkish and Egyptian cigarette still surprises me. Before the first world war Turkish and Egyptians were status symbols. Only cads smoked Virginians. Gaspers came in with trench warfare; their acrid bite was more immediately satisfying; possibly they produced a quicker flow of adrenalin. But after the war, well on into the Twenties and Thirties, there were scores of makes of Turkish and Egyptian cigarettes. Schoolboys, always great cigarette connoisseurs, would open a huge silver cigarette case under your nose and say, in imitation of Bulldog Drummond, 'Turkish this side; gaspers t'other', and engage in passionate debate over the precise merits of Phillip Morris's Oxford 'Ovals' and their 'Blues'. Undergraduates spent fortunes on the most superfine pluperfectissimo brands, Sullivan and Powell, Ottoman Empire, Regie Turque; among the really esoteric connoisseurs a well-known one such as a Balkan Sobranie or an Abdulla was thought a trifle obvious. Whether the future historian will be able to trace a connection other than mere coincidence between the decline of the British Empire and the disappearance of Turkish and Egyptian cigarettes is doubtful; I remain convinced that it exists.

★ ★ ★

A friend from Moscow tells me this story which gives us a further glimpse of insight into Krushchev's relations with Stalin. Krushchev told it himself during one of his recent informal pep talks to farmers. It was soon after the war when Krushchev was assigned to run the Ukraine, on the verge of famine following the severe drought of 1946. At a meeting of the Central Committee somebody started extolling the high crops of spring wheat in the charmed Urals area. Krushchev immediately had a hunch that Stalin would try to impose this crop on the Ukraine, and during a break in the session he tried to convince the boss that this would be bad farming. Nevertheless, Stalin ordered the Central Committee to recommend an increase in the sowing of spring wheat in the Ukraine. Although, Krushchev went on, he disapproved of Stalin's reluctance ever to emerge from his seclusion and visit the collective farms, it was just as well for him, Krushchev, that Stalin did not decide to make a tour of the Ukraine; for he was conniving at widespread deception of Stalin and the Central Committee by reporting the sowing of spring wheat by farmers whom he knew full well were continuing to sow the ordinary winter wheat.

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The Government wants to change our money system.

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Instead of Britain switching to decimal coinage, why don't the foreigners change to sterling? – *Daily Express.* (M. J. Prestidge.)

A man who telephoned Leeds police from a call box in Perth and claimed to have information about the murder of 67-year-old coal merchant Mr Francis Townson was cut off by the operator because the three-minute time limit was up.

Last night the police were trying to trace him. A senior officer said: 'We cannot accept reverse charges on the telephone.' – *Daily Mail.* (Montague Calman.)

At a North London ballroom Jews had been banned when they became the target of Mosley supporters, but when the Jews were no longer there the Mosleyites left and within a few months Jews were quietly allowed to return.

Deaf and dumb people were banned for similar reasons at the company's Streatham ballroom, but they were also reinstated after a time. – *Guardian.* (W. Stephenson.)

Many of the owners, reluctant to part with their pets, have made up for it by sending them Christmas cards and writing them letters with a special request to Mr Howard to stand outside the pen reading the letter to the dog, and to pin the card on the door. – *Bristol Evening World.* (Margaret Hale.)

Christmas Twice a Year

ANDREW ROTH

On Monday *The Times* will break one of its own house rules There, on its front page in the far right hand corner, will be a small item of news. Ranking with the death of monarchs, the ending of wars, the fall of governments and supplements on Ecuador, appears every New Year's day a brief announcement in leaded type stating curtly: 'Honours List In Full'.

It is not surprising that this should be done. For as the year's end approaches, 2,000 people in Britain and the Commonwealth can preen themselves with varying degrees of self-satisfaction or self-consciousness, like children who know there is something for them on the Christmas tree, even before it is unwrapped.

These lucky 2,000 know because they have been discreetly informed in letters imposingly marked *Urgent, Personal* and *Confidential* that their previous behaviour is going to surround or alter their names with haloes of feudal prefixes or a pattern of suffixed initials. Deserving Women's Instituters, knobbly-kneed scoutmasters, straight-batted cricketers, correct civil servants, worthy local worthies, thrusting businessmen and worn politicians all look forward to their moment in the spotlight at Buckingham Palace, when they may receive from the

hands of the Queen herself a few kind words and those most British of all status symbols, Honours or Awards.

What is peculiarly British about this whole performance of 'Christmas twice a year' is that, although a large and important segment of the population has been conditioned from childhood to look forward to such occasions, and therefore know what is done, and how it should be done, very little thought has been focused on why it is done. The superficial reasons are obvious: it is satisfying and useful to reward national heroes, whether military, political or sporting, in a manner suitable to their achievement and class background. It is also undeniably part of the incentive to become a senior civil servant to secure the initials that go with the pay boost. Moreover, if the 'carrot' of a few initials helps keep district nurses grinding their bicycles from aged invalid to aged invalid in dirty weather, why should one discard it?

So, anyway, has always run the orthodox defence – which invariably leaves out of account the fact that even MBEs are awarded not only for 'public services' but also for 'political' ones. The public-spirited mountain postman in Wales has his counterpart in the politically dedicated parson's wife who for the past ten years has taken the speakers' classes for the university Conservative Association; and both at the end of the day attain the same reward – though normally it is only the postman that is noticed. Nothing, in fact, is more extraordinary than the lack of attention that has been paid to the cynical way in which the Conservatives operate a seemingly innocuous system of national acknowledgement for their own party advantage.

Admittedly Labour has made it easy for them. The Labour Party has tended to approach the Honours system much as an abstemious beer-drinking son of a teetotaller might approach a fabulous wine cellar inherited from a wealthy uncle. The tendency has been neither to destroy the inheritance nor to exploit its full value. Instead the oldest sherry has been used for cooking and the best Napoleon brandy as a cure for head-colds. This arouses the scorn of total abstainers and the disgust of epicures.

Thus, in the days of the Labour government, Clement Attlee gave the 'full Honours treatment' only to Lord Jowitt, who was made a Baron in 1945, a Viscount in 1947 and an Earl in 1951. He also used the Lords as a place for putting out to pasture the two dozen Labour MPs or former MPs (along with some party officials, trade union leaders and senior civil servants) who preferred (or whose wives preferred) this erminous form of retirement. Although the Conservatives – who throughout the years 1945-51 always carefully moderated their political opposition so as not to place in jeopardy the future of a hereditary second chamber – fully understood the value to them of what the House of Lords was helping to conserve, the Labour government, deeply involved in matters it no doubt considered more pressing, showed little serious interest. Symptomatic of this was Mr Attlee's negligent raising to the peerage of Sir Francis Kyffin Taylor, when the latter was 94 and, presumably, too old even for the Lords.

Moreover, there was little sensitivity to the normal functional workings of the Honours system as a whole – with all its intricacies of etiquette. Thus, in 1949, Harold Wallace-Copland, a distinguished Labour solicitor from a well-known family and chairman of the Staffordshire County Council, was made Lord Lieutenant of the County of Staffordshire. This is, of course, a largely ceremonial post; and one of the ceremonies required of its incumbent is meeting the Sovereign on visits to Staffordshire, a county fairly stiff with nobility. It was expected, therefore, that the normal award of a baronetcy or at least a knighthood would follow the appointment. It never came and Mr Wallace-Copland still functions as plain Esq.

Perhaps this was part of the instinctive feeling that Labour could not use this instrument for its own supporters. Certainly one has not come across any overt example of any use of Honours to forward the interests of Labour as a party machine. This provides a strong contrast with the practice since adopted by the Conservative Central Office which now seems to take a couple of MBEs out of every Honours list for its headquarters staff alone.

The blatant use of Honours to aid the ticking over of the party machine is, of course, nothing new. Only once has it provoked public scandal – and that was largely because some of Lloyd George's 'honours touts' displayed more ardour than discretion. The sad story of the South African millionaire, Sir Joseph Robinson, who one June day in 1922 whipped out his cheque book in the Savoy Hotel and inquired of a Liberal emissary 'How much more?' may have been disturbing enough to certain members of the House of Lords for the 1922 Royal Commission on Honours to be set up. But the purpose of the Honours Scrutiny Committee – which came out of that Commission and which still functions – was merely to see that the system operated decorously and without scandal. It has never questioned the working of the system itself.

During, in fact, the more than 30 years that Conservative or Conservative-dominated governments have been in office since the 1922 Commission, Honours have been restored to their traditional role. Indeed the 4,000 people – 2,000 on each of the New Year's and Birthday (June) Honours Lists – now rewarded require 14 investitures as against an average of four prewar.

It has perhaps been the very size and density of these Honours Lists that have allowed them to go so little questioned. The sea of closely-printed names almost sweeps one into uncritical acceptance. Even when one starts extricating the purely or preponderantly political Honours only one part of the iceberg usually stands out. This is, of course, that part on which public attention has traditionally been concentrated: the Honourable Exit. But the retired Cabinet Minister's Viscountcy, the disappointed Under-Secretary's Privy Councillorship, occasionally even the safe-seat member's barony are only the 'show-horses' in the army of the Honoured. The overwhelming bulk even of the parliamentarians given Honours are the 'work-horses', the Whip's men who have been dutiful members of the party apparatus in the House. The statistics are staggering: of the half-hundred Conservative MPs who survived the Labour wave of 1945 and are still in Parliament, only half a dozen, including Viscount Hinchingbrooke, have garnered no Honours in the last decade. Some of these are rewards for reaching ministerial or Cabinet rank, but more are for disciplined duty on back-bench committees, particularly the 1922 Committee.

The 'carrot' of Honours is, in fact, most important for those pedestrian Conservative MPs who, after seven or eight years, know they probably will never make the grade;

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they 'play the game' according to the Whips' rules partly because it makes for a better life, with easier pairs and the occasional free trip to Lower Slobovia. But also because they want to have, at the end of 15 years, a bit of Honourable Ermine to warm their old bones and pass on to their descendants. The 'carrot' goes a long way to explain why so many Conservative rebellions are restricted to the same few: Hinchingbrooke and Lambton, who have been haunted by ermine since their political childhood, or the Biggs-Davisons, Fells, Williamses, Kerbys and others whose zealotry for Britain's imperial potential would probably make the present available 'Orders of the Empire' seem a hollow mockery.

What, however, is least well understood is the extent to which the Honours system has, during the last decade, been used by the Conservative Party to reinforce and lubricate all parts of their efficient party apparatus in the country. To do this they have at their disposal, in the lower reaches of the Honours system alone, fully 120 Honours to play with annually.

An analysis of the last 16 Honours Lists demonstrates an amazing quota system under which roughly a tenth of each of the CBE, OBE and MBE lists are given to the party faithful. Each and every one of the Honours Lists examined has the following quota for 'political' or 'political and public' services: 11 or 12 out of the semi-annual quota of 90 to 100 CBEs; 17 or 18 out of each quota of 180 to 190 OBEs; and 29 to 32 out of the quota of 320 to 345 MBEs. This ration-like impression is reinforced by the fact that virtually every Honours list has its two MBEs for the Conservative Central Office. In the 1960 Lists the General Director of the Conservative Central Office, W. H. L. Urton, was made a Knight Bachelor; its then publicity chief, R. E. Simms, was given a CBE, while its press chief, George O'Brien, was given his MBE. Even so austere an organisation as the Conservative Political Centre is not allowed to slip through the net. In January 1959 its director, Peter Goldman (now Conservative candidate for Orpington) attained his reward in the shape of a CBE at the tender age of 34. Yet in terms of precocity even this has to give way to the record established by two ex-chairmen of the Young Conservatives (Bill van Straubenzee and Peter Walker), both of whom saw their efforts for the conversion of the country's youth crowned with the award of an MBE before they had even passed their 30th year. Strangely enough, one cannot recall any Labour protest that the Conservatives, instead of rewarding their able organisation-men with their own 'Order of Disraeli' should exploit the Crown and the Honours system.

What is useful to keep happy the party professionals in Smith Square is even more important to dangle before the party loyalists in the country. One Conservative MP estimates he would lose two-thirds of his activists if there were not some hope of some sort of Honour implicit in being an active Conservative. It may only be an invitation to a Royal Garden Party, which is much less permanent than letters after your name. But it all helps to establish one's status.

It is difficult, of course, to analyse with any great accuracy why an invitation to a Royal Garden Party, or indeed more lasting Honours, go to political persons and not to other seemingly equally worthwhile Girl Guide or Women's Institute leaders. But so long as the strange and little-known machinery by which Honours are recommended remains the way it is, most will believe – as the Conservatives hope – that being an active Conservative is an investment which stands a good chance of paying off in the end with an Honour.

Gold-plated Coronets

PAUL JOHNSON

As a New Year Resolution for the Parliamentary Labour Party, I propose that it should table a motion reading: 'This House considers that the power of the aristocracy has increased, is increasing and ought to be diminished.' Even the most sanguine progressive no longer believes the myth that six years of Labour government after the war dealt a death blow to the upper classes. On the contrary: a curious by-product of its policies was a real increase in the wealth of the propertied classes. By forcing the rich to invest and by imposing dividend restraint it posthumously detonated the avalanche of untaxed capital gains which has now restored the property-owning aristocracy to an affluence it has not enjoyed for nearly half a century. Between 1914 and 1945 the *per capita* wealth of members of the House of Lords actually declined. In the last 15 years it has risen substantially.

How has this happened? In the first place, the traditional expenses of the landed aristocracy have been vastly reduced. In 1900, the then Earl of Derby received an annual rental of £300,000 of which more than two-thirds was swallowed up in inescapable outgoings. Today the main cost of maintaining landed estates is borne by the taxpayers – thanks to Labour's post-war agricultural policies – and it is rare indeed for a landed aristocrat to show a loss on his property. Equally, the social burdens once carried by aristocrats have been virtually eliminated. True, a very few still entertain on a princely scale (one Home Counties peer, for instance, holds twice-weekly dinner parties, served by 12 liveried footmen under the watchful supervision of a butler and under-butler), but the overwhelming majority employ cherished fantasies of penal taxation as an excuse to divest themselves of costly responsibilities.

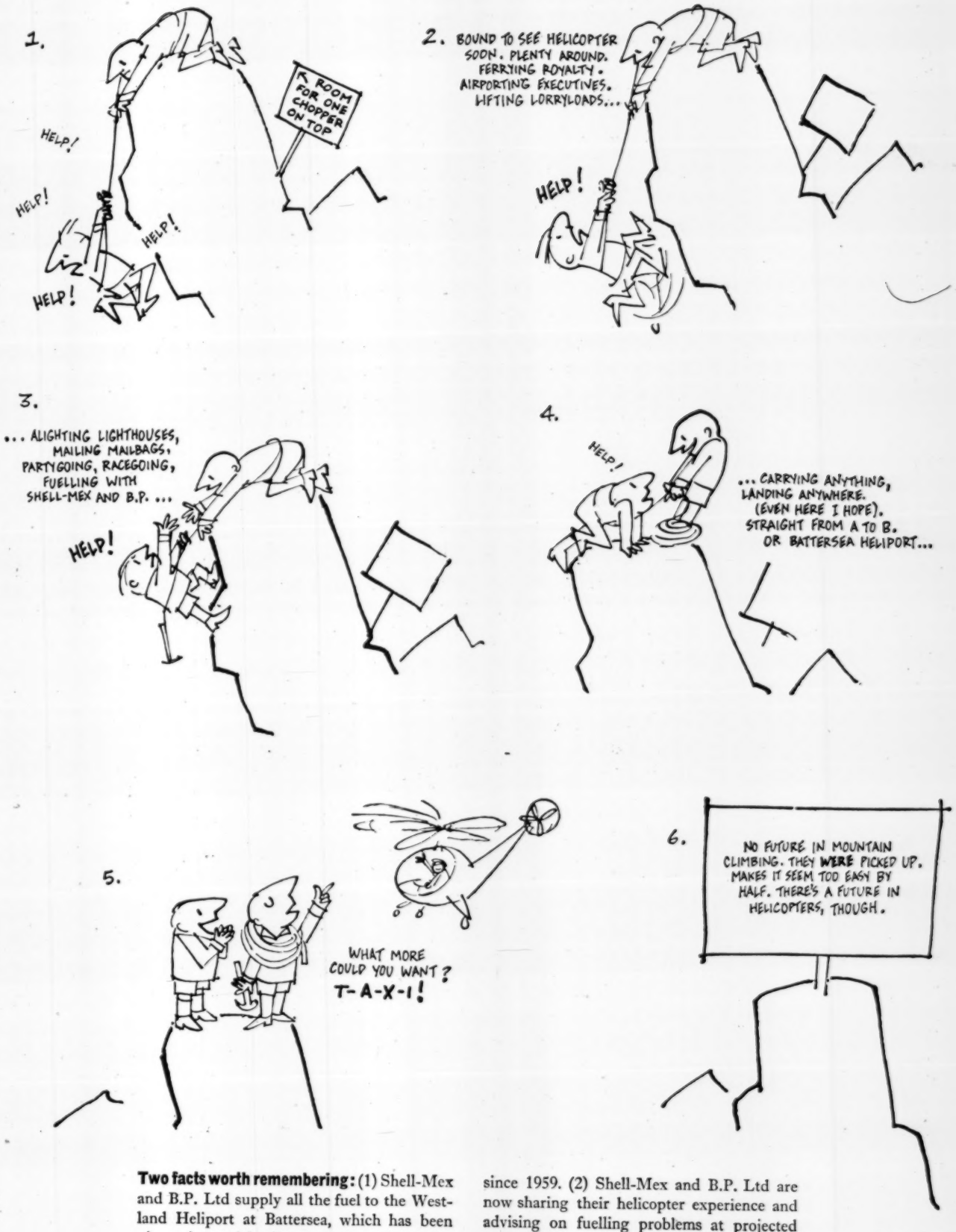
Secondly, the aristocrats have in most cases clung tenaciously to their land – and in the last decade have garnered a rich reward. Many agricultural properties have increased 10 times in value since the war, town properties still more. The old system of estate management has been scrapped; stewards have been replaced by tax-accountants; company finance has been introduced into estates whose management had not changed since the Enclosures. By consolidating these estates, many peers have been able to lay their hands on vast sums of untaxed ready money. They have cashed in on the art boom. In Scotland, the City craze for sport has made fortunes for Highland peers whose fathers were teetering towards bankruptcy. Hence the concept of the impoverished duke is as obsolete as sweet-rationing. Indeed, of the 26 non-royal dukes, all are rich – a dozen, I calculate, are worth a million each – and there are probably as many as 100 millionaires in the present House of Lords.

Nor is their influence merely financial and economic. Since 1951 and in particular since the advent of Mr Macmillan in 1957, the aristocrats have appropriated a growing slice of direct political power. Over the whole field of Britain's external relations, for instance, they occupy important positions of strength. There is, of course, that opinionated and pertinacious man, the Earl of Home. But behind him there is also his Under-Secretary, George John Charles Mercer Nairne Petty-Fitzmaurice, 8th Marquess of Lansdowne, who also rejoices in the titles of Baron of Kerry and Lixnaw, Earl of Kerry, Viscount Clanmaurice, Viscount FitzMaurice and Baron Dunkerton, Earl of Shelburne, Baron Wycombe, Earl of Wycombe and Viscount Calne. In which of his capacities he appeared as the scourge of Dr Conor O'Brien in the Congo it is difficult to say – though it might be remembered that the Irish burnt down his ancestral home in 1922.

Also in the field of foreign affairs is Henry James Scrymgeour-Wedderburn, 11th Earl of Dundee and equally Viscount Dudhope, Lord Inverkeithing, Lord Glassary and Hereditary Royal Standard-Bearer for Scotland. Confronted with three such formidable peers, Mr Heath, an ex-grammar school boy, may well consider himself in a plebeian minority of one. Over at the Colonies, as Minister of State, there is John David Drummond, 17th Earl of Perth, Baron Drummond of Cargill, Baron Maderty, Lord Drummond of Gilston, Lord Drummond of Rickertoun and Castlemaine, Hereditary Thane of Lennox and Hereditary Steward of Menteith and Strathearn. And at Commonwealth Relations there is the most fabulous peer of all, the 11th Duke of Devonshire, whose family fame I will not exhaust the reader by rehearsing – apart from pointing out that one of the Duke's forebears slaughtered Wat Tyler while another was, in turn, murdered by Jack Straw.

This list by no means covers all the peers in government. I could mention also Lord Carrington at the Admiralty, and still more shadowy figures like Earl St Aldwyn, the Earl of Onslow, Earl Bathurst and Lord St Oswald. Nor must we forget Earl Waldegrave, at the Ministry of Agriculture, who has, in his time, manufactured Milton antiseptic and served as a director of the Bristol Waterworks. The harsh public gaze seldom if ever falls on these men, but each and all of them stand high in Mr Macmillan's esteem. He rejoices in the visions of palladian houses and rolling acres which these names conjure up; rejoices more particularly in that he himself, when he takes the earldom which will be his due, hopes in turn to found a landed line. It is said in Sussex that Mr Macmillan has taken a leaf out of the Duke of Omnium's book. The Duke, it will be remembered, loved to buy his neighbour's property so that he threatened to own half Barsetshire, and in similar fashion the Macmillan domain at Birch Grove is in constant expansion.

And here, of course, we approach the heart of the problem. If Mr Macmillan who, in addition to being Prime Minister, is also a comfortable millionaire, finds the aristocratic life irresistible, we must not expect those lower down the scale to be any less goggle-eyed. In varying degrees, the English are all snobs. No other country suffers to the same degree from this national infection. Those which retain the monarchy have abolished the honours system, while those which still have


1.
ROOM FOR ONE CHOPPER ON TOP
HELP!
HELP!
HELP!
HELP!
2. BOUND TO SEE HELICOPTER SOON. PLENTY AROUND. FERRYING ROYALTY. AIRPORTING EXECUTIVES. HFTING LORRYLOADS...
HELP!
3.
... ALIGHTING LIGHTHOUSES, MAILING MAILBAGS, PARTYGOING, RACEGOING, FUELLING WITH SHELL-MEX AND B.P. ...
HELP!
4.
HELP!
... CARRYING ANYTHING, LANDING ANYWHERE. (EVEN HERE I HOPE). STRAIGHT FROM A TO B. OR BATTERSEA HELIPORT...
5.
WHAT MORE COULD YOU WANT? T-A-X-I!
6.
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an aristocratic incubus have abolished the monarchy. Only here do we have both – and this is the real case against the Buckingham Palace system: that it helps to perpetuate a hierarchical society which is bound to benefit the party of property, and that it fosters a set of values which, stripped of their tinsel, are odious and indefensible. Unfortunately, even those most vociferous in their denunciation of belted earls and flunkery are not always immune: hate is mingled with love. Within the angry frame of Mr John Osborne, an embryo baronet may be struggling to get out; and – who knows? – perhaps even Doris Lessing unconsciously yearns for a countess's tiara. Many have spoken against honours; but few of these have been given the opportunity to decline them and fewer still have taken it. Some years ago a distinguished gent of my acquaintance, who had done some service to the state, asked me, with furrowed brow, whether he should accept a knighthood which had been offered to him. I was at a loss as to how to advise him, for I happened to know that his letter of acceptance had already been sent by return of post.

From time to time, some gesture is made against the system; and the public dutifully applauds, encouraged by the popular papers. This happened in the case of Mr Armstrong-Jones, whose marriage appeared to introduce into the rarified atmosphere of the palace, if not a plebeian note, at least a suggestion of mere suburban gentility. Mr Jones, it was said, despite the Queen's express wishes, adamantly refused to take a title; moreover, he even insisted on getting a job. Some time during this period, I heard a story which raised this young man in my estimation. At a dinner-party, when the time came to join the ladies, Mr Jones is reported to have walked out of the dining-room in front of a senior duke and a Cabinet minister. The minister was cross, the duke definitely put out. This seemed to me a small but welcome blow struck in the snob-war. Alas for appearances! A few months later, the industrious caterpillar was metamorphised into a social butterfly – in the shape of the Earl of Snowdon. The old English Adam had proved too strong. Now he has ceased even to design cages for birds, and is shooting them instead.

Where prime minister and royal spouse lead, the masses must surely follow. I can see in my mind's eye a composite millionaire, who is treading the path to the crimson chamber with shrewd deliberation. His primitive days of sheer money-making are already over, and he must be worth, I suppose, ten million or more. The companies over which he presides are now highly respectable, in so far as this is compatible with his profession, and he has even genuflected to the Chancellor's appeal for dividend restraint. He has divorced his first wife, who had once been heard to call for a Babycham, and married into a county family of some distinction. Recently he has acquired a large country property, complete with an authentic Elizabethan manor house, pedigree herd and shuffling yokels.

He has already struck up a close acquaintance with the chairman of the local Conservative Party, who was happy to accept a substantial donation to the divisional funds, and he has even managed to get the Lord Lieutenant to dinner. At any moment now I expect to hear that he has donated £250,000 to some medical research institute. In Lloyd George's day, you could get a knighthood for as little as £10,000. But inflation here, as elsewhere, has set in. That £250,000 will, if he is lucky, get my financier his 'K' in about a year's time. But before he finally becomes Lord Concrete-Mixer, he will, I should guess, have forked out at least a million to various educational, medical and scientific institutions.

I see no sign that this sordid game which 'honour' plays with mammon is on the decline. Like cricket, cold bedrooms and homosexuality, it may be part of our national character. Even so Labour should at least, from time to time, cock a snook at it. That is why I propose my motion. In theory it could provide a rousing debate. But in practice? I am thinking of Mr Ron Serf, the Labour MP for Stenchside, who is getting on for 70 and whose majority shows signs of becoming tricky. He has let it be known recently that he would be willing to make a sacrifice to strengthen the Labour team in the Other Place. The three quid a day would come in useful, too.

The Agony of Haiti

(By a Special Correspondent)

The second independent republic in the Americas was Haiti. The United States was joined by the victorious slave island 25 years after its own victory. Now Haiti seems likely to follow another example even closer to home, that of Cuba. It may become the second enemy of the US in the Caribbean. The Creole work song which commemorated President Estimé's rebuilding of Port-au-Prince 12 years ago may well be prophetic:

Quembé pays ya pas lagué oh!
Port-au-Prince oh tourné Havane oh!
(Hold onto the country, don't let go, oh!
Port-au-Prince, oh, is turning into Havana, oh!)

Haiti has a population of some 5 million; the last census, taken during the American Marine occupation 30 years ago, revealed a population of more than 3 million, which the campaign against disease has increased by roughly one-half. This gives Haiti the highest density of people in the Americas, 250 to the square mile. Yet only one-third of the land can be cultivated. The rest is eroded hillside. A Creole proverb runs: Behind the mountains are mountains. The proverb accurately describes both the landscape and the political situation. Behind the powerful ones are other ones, just as powerful.

The land could support the population until 20 years ago. But erosion of the valley soil, the burning of the forests for charcoal, and the endless subdivision of the land have made the poor poorer. The life of men and women is a constant toil for too little to eat. The average income for each human being is £20 a year. The chief expression of everyone is *Moin grand gout* – I am hungry. And, as the peasants go back to hoe the fields and cut sugar-cane, they say wryly: If work were really such a good thing, the rich would have taken it all long ago.

The rich in Haiti are clustered in Port-au-Prince and form a small middle class of mulattos, Syrians and a minority of professional blacks, whose ambition is to marry someone with a yellow skin. Only one in ten Haitians have had any education or speak French; the remainder are illiterate and speak Creole, a French and Spanish *patois*. Full employment in Port-au-Prince means seven in ten unemployed; unemployment means nine in ten out of a job. The telephones rarely work, and the people have equal opportunity to do so.

There are four main methods of solving Haiti's problems. The first is emigration. But emigration to Cuba is now impossible, due to a break in diplomatic relations, while emigration to the neighbouring Dominican dictatorship, which massacred 15,000 Haitians in 1937, is still thought dangerous. There are no other parts of the Caribbean which are not overpopulated. The second solution is birth control, but the supremacy of the Roman Catholic church allied to the superstition of the majority religion, Voodoo, make this solution unlikely. The third answer is efficient land conservation but, although the American Point Four plan is helping here, it is doing too little too late on too low a budget. The fourth solution is rapid industrialisation and education, in fact a forced revolution on the Cuban pattern.

The political situation of the island seems to point to this last solution, although certain differences from Cuban society may allow a limited social revolution on the pattern of India. The American Marines occupied Haiti for 20 years between the world wars. Thus America is the best-hated power – France, since it was defeated, is the best-loved. Although America supplies one-third of the tiny Haitian budget of $30 million a year, the folly of the Eisenhower administration in giving arms and training to the 'army' of Dr François Duvalier, the petty dictator of the island, has lost the US the support of everyone except the government, and the government cannot support itself much longer.

Duvalier has neither the appeal of Castro nor the one-time efficiency of the Trujillos. His rise to power was based on a very black skin, the curing of the peasants' yaws and the support of the army during the rigged elections of 1957. His election campaign capitalised on the hatred of the black peasant masses for the mulatto *bourgeoisie* in Port-au-Prince. His slogan was *Le Noir Duvalier Au Pouvoir*. Point Four lorries helped his campaign, although Washington was clandestinely backing the mulatto candidate, senator and factory-owner, Louis Déjoie.

Duvalier, once in power, turned on everyone, biting the hand that fed him with fine impartiality for the shade of its skin. First, he broke the power of the army, replacing its officers by men trained in the elements of discipline by the US Marines, who supposed that they were training a regular army against Communist agitators. Once trained, the new troops were organized into a secret police, called derisively the *tontons macoutes*, after the traditional bogeyman of Haitian folklore. A systematic campaign of haphazard terrorism then took place. Opponents of the *régime* and their families were and are being killed, tortured, imprisoned, exiled, raped. Déjoie fled into exile. The two other leading candidates for the presidency, Daniel Fignolé and Clément Jumelle, also went into hiding. But while Fignolé escaped to the United States, Jumelle died of his previous sufferings, when taking asylum in the Cuban embassy at Port-au-Prince. Two of his brothers were machine-gunned to death, and, in a macabre finale, his

(Continued on page 988)

707th Heaven

FAMILY IN FLIGHT . . . You're coming with Mummy and me to visit your Granny, Daddy said. In a great big Rolls-Royce 707. So I told my school-friends. I'm going to fly Air-India (stuck-up thing! said one). I shall sit on a seat of purest gossamer, with millions of jewels all around me (you're ugly! said another) and be served with big helpings of jelly on gold plates (piggy! said another). And I shall be escorted on and off the plane like the queen of all the world. And my luggage will be carried by handsome princes (big head! shouted my best friend). I don't care. I shall fly like this for ever and ever—

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own corpse was stolen from its coffin by a gang of *tontons macoutes*.

The *tontons* used to be hooded during their night attacks; now they go about swaggering in the light. Threatened households used to be able to frighten off these bold villains by mere screaming; now the *tontons* openly break students' skulls and murder in the streets, when the tourist season is over. Although the President of Haiti is forbidden by the Constitution to succeed himself, Duvalier has recently had himself confirmed in office by one-party elections. His campaign slogan was that his enemies could only reproach him with one crime, that of loving his people too much. Those of his enemies, that is, who still lived.

Thus the Cuban situation under Batista, of a petty dictator, supported by American arms and local police brutality, has been reproduced exactly. And personal hatred will bring about the same revolution that love of Communism will not.

The Kennedy administration shows signs of wakening to the danger. At Duvalier's second inauguration, the American ambassador was conspicuously absent. He had been 'recalled to Washington'. But while America slapped Duvalier's face publicly, he was armed underhand. A munitions ship from New Orleans was in the bay on the same day. The ambivalent policy does America no good, especially when a small Haitian revolutionary force is training in Cuba. Although many Haitians rightly fear Russian influence even more than US, they can only find weapons in the east.

But there are some factors which may give Haiti a moderate or suspended revolution. There is the fear of the mulattos and the church that a peasant and proletarian uprising will destroy them. There is the fact that the majority of the population are small landowners, who do a little trade; there are few large plantations on the island. There is the tradition of the *coumbite*, cooperative work for common ends on private land. There is the pride and isolation of the Haitian people, who like to do things their own way. And there is the natural fatalism and lack of aggression of the peasants. Where there is no sexual frustration, no unofficial rape, no street brawls and an innate kindliness and dignity everywhere, there is little psychological material for a revolution, even though every man carries a *machete* at his side. The most common truism in the island is *Bondieu bon*, God is good, He will provide. It may take a long time to realise that, where He doesn't provide, men can.

The traditional fatherland of Haiti is Guinea, although most of the slaves actually came from Dahomey. The Socialist example of Guinea may well prove relevant to Haiti. The pride of rising Africa threatens to sweep away the corruption and tyranny that has so long made a purgatory out of this tropical paradise. Everywhere, the stink of change penetrates even the nostrils of the reactionary. Some 20 years ago, Haiti's greatest novelist and poet, Jacques Roumain, driven by the sadness of peasant life from love of French decadence to supporting Communism, forecast the day when the blacks would march:

pour en finir
une
fois
pour
toutes
avec ce monde
de nègres
de niggers
de sales nègres.

Correspondence

SOCIALISTS OF YESTER-YEAR

SIR, – Many of my friends were 'fanatical Socialists' until about six years ago. Now they are not. They still bring up some of the idealistic concepts of Shaw and are occasionally roused by a speech of a reminiscing party member. But the stomach is not in them any more for fighting for important 'socialistic' causes. Some of them march with the Aldermaston marchers; some against French treatment of their subjects; a few joined the anti-German demonstration in Cardiff. They do these things as if it is a mourning duty to a dead father.

I used to spend a lot of time in arguments with them about politics; now, it's a painful task to draw them out on fundamentals. It is easy enough to do so on the Common Market or immigration or the Bomb. What has become important to them are the present concerns of everyone, blue or red, black or white, patriotic or unpatriotic. Now the fear is not of being crushed by the forces of capitalism – a formidable force that could be contended with – but by the forces of stupidity, obstinacy, ignorance. And stupidity in high places is not easy to bring down. You can argue a reasonable man out of countenance and out of office, but not a stupid one. You are inclined to lose your temper with him.

Like the Osbornes, the Bergers and even the Lessings they have become critics of an establishment that does not shake at the bombardment of a host of verbal insults. Their opponents are too much for them.

They still refer to themselves as Socialists but really they are not, for the common enemy is no longer capitalism – when Russia got the bomb as well as the West the enemy became two-headed. They have created an enemy in the shape of the Establishment but that is not what they are really up against (the establishment of state control is a dictum of Socialism). To say what it is they are up against is not easy. It is easier to say what they are for.

They are (I believe) lovers of humanity and haters of those few devils who make life unbearable for others. They would have been Socialists 50 years ago because the devils were capitalists then. Now there is no political party to which they can attach themselves. I would not dream of calling them Socialists, because they are not. Nor would I insult them for their sentimental hopes. They have formed a sort of club of their own and so disdain from criticising one another. If one does, another's feelings are hurt. If one's feelings are hurt, one slaps back. And so on. ('For who are these so touchy socialists', Miss Lessing!) Miss Lessing has slapped back but she evidently has not lost faith in a human mission – like many I know. I hope none of the club members do.

This mission is something to do with love of humanity – not God or dope or jazz. Upton Sinclair used to write about it. Frank Capra used to make films about it. Shaw thrived on it. Tolstoy died searching for it. I sometimes wonder if it is possible for politicians to discover it. They did once. They may do so again with a push from behind and an occasional slap in the face.

GRAHAM JONES

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Cardiff

THE EICHMANN LESSON

SIR, – Otto Adolf Eichmann has been arraigned, tried and sentenced as the willing instrument of the German government in its deliberate and calculated murder of millions of Jewish and non-Jewish men, women and children. That many will feel a sense of relief if Eichmann in his turn is slaughtered cannot be doubted, for many a man and woman who owe their earthly sorrows to the bestial regime that employed Eichmann must find themselves unwillingly making a common cause with the many guilt-ridden Germans who are hoping to purge their consciences through the solitary death of this dreary man.

But a halt must be made to the killing.

I appeal to the Israeli government to spare the life of Eichmann that by that gracious and magnanimous gesture men in every country who abhor the act of legalised slaughter may point with pride to a government and to a people who renounced the bitter pleasure of vengeance. Let Eichmann be placed in a hospital for the mentally sick for there he truly belongs. And when the nations of the West and of the East announce that they have no alternative but to murder their civil and political prisoners let us be able to point to Eichmann as a living proof that they lie.

ARTHUR MOYSE

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EDUCATIONAL TV

SIR, – The theme of your article 'The Phoney Fourth Service', seems to be that the education service, advocated in July 1961, by the ITA and, earlier, by both the Popular Television Association and its successor, the National Broadcasting Development Committee, is really a slightly dishonest ruse to defraud the BBC of a second channel and, hence, to give two out of the three general channels to independent television.

The ITA is fully competent to defend its own position – and Lord Attlee can doubtless defend himself against Mr Christopher Mayhew. So far as the PTA and NBDC are concerned, I chanced myself to draft most of the educational proposals. (From these efforts, I hasten to add, I have not made one penny. . . .) A specific memorandum on Education and Television was submitted to the Pilkington Committee, including comment on the so-called 'University of the Air' proposal in connection with adult education. It is flattering to think that the draftsman was so subtle as to shape this plot which, seeming to support the great cause of education, was actually a sinister design to cut down the BBC's power.

However, it so happens (a) that such a plan never entered our minds; (b) that an education service, especially for adults, was discussed in the Thirties by such men as my colleague, Hendrik van Loon; was again discussed by me personally, in the days of sound radio, with Ellen Wilkinson; but was turned down by the BBC's Sir George Barnes as impracticable, upon technical grounds which Sir Frederick Ogilvie later told me were misleading; (c) that whereas the original ideas of the NBDC moved indeed in the direction of a specific educational service, later (in their proposals to the Pilkington Committee) they contented themselves with recommending a statutory, general authority for educational television, which would survey such issues as whether there should be one central educational service or several, etc.

So far, therefore, as NBDC is concerned, the article has everything to commend its analysis except correspondence with the facts. What, however, one would like to have clear is whether the spokesmen of the BBC are still *opposed* to a specific educational service, especially on a fourth channel. My own views were expressed in the *Contemporary Review* of July 1960, 'University of the Air'.

GEORGE E. GORDON CATLIN

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Professor Catlin should note that we wrote: 'What could be better for the nation, or more calculated to appeal to enlightened opinion, than a "university of the air"?' The merits of educational television, and the best means of providing it, are a legitimate subject for debate. Our point, however, was that the commercial TV lobby has taken up the proposal for reasons that are not disinterested, whatever the attitude of some of its eminent sponsors may be. Since Professor Catlin was associated with the lobby's

front – the Popular Television Association – he should be well aware of the way in which the lobby was able to operate.

INDIA AND GOA

SIR, – Your comments and Vicky's accompanying cartoon show that you regard the Indian action in Goa as an act of aggression.

In reality it belongs to a category of actions which, as Bustamente showed more than a half of a century ago, must be sharply distinguished from acts of aggression.

In the period of the unification of Germany and Italy international jurists discussed at length the character of the operations by which small Italian and German states were forcibly united to the national *nuclei*. Fauchille condemned as subjugation the incorporation of Hanover, Hessen and other places by Prussia and that of the smaller Italian states by Sardinia in the period of 1850-1870. He was refuted by Bustamente, who showed that what was involved were cases of national unification, supported by the will of the population, and that these must not be confounded with subjugation in the usual sense of the word, i.e. conquest by brutal military force.

In Goa, India is exercising the right to national self-determination, which European nations, more fortunately placed, were able to realise in their own favour at least a century ago. Unlike Great Britain and even France, Portugal obstinately refused to solve the problem of her Indian colonies by negotiations with the Government of India.

What has impressed me most has been the patience which the Nehru government displayed for so long in the face of Dr Salazar's sclerotic colonialism.

VLADIMIR DEDIJER

University of Manchester

UNILATERALIST DILEMMA

SIR, – Your correspondent B. Cooper is disillusioned with the Committee of 100, and asks what else he is to do to bring about nuclear disarmament.

If one thinks, as I do, that both CND and the Committee of 100 are barking up a gumtree, and yet thinks, as I most convincedly do, that disarmament is about ten times as important as the next most important thing, one is obliged to say what all those people should be doing, instead of marching and sitting. My answer is that they *should* be marching, (though not, I think, illegally sitting), but under a different banner. First, as to march and sit. To march is legal and could be effective. To sit is illegal, and the point is, with what object? If it is to get more publicity for the case it is unnecessary. If it is to 'force the government to abdicate', as Ralph Schoenman once said, it is illogical. If the government abdicates, it must have an election. Are the Committee running candidates?

Now to the point, which is the programme. The unilateralists' programme calls for disarmament by one country only (ours) in one kind of weapons only (nuclear). This might have had a good effect in 1957, but events move fast. ICBM's, British H-bombs, French A-bombs, diffusion of tactical nuclear weapons, reconnaissance satellites . . . The only thing now is the general (all countries) and comprehensive (all kinds of weapons) disarmament, on which all governments are agreed and in regard to which the gap between the Russian proposals of September 1960 and the American proposals of September 1961 are quite manageably small.

If anyone will organise a march, from Aldermaston, to Weathersfield, or round Hyde Park in circles, for the logical extreme, for the necessary world revolution which general comprehensive disarmament is, then I will know where Mr Cooper and all other people with minds and hearts should be. I can't do it; I'm a writer, not an activist. Who will?

If there are any intellectuals with spare time who are also in Mr Cooper's dilemma, one may hope they will work on the world problem of disarmament, and not the British political problem of unilateral nuclear disarmament. The basic American texts are collected in *Disarmament and Arms Control*, (Cape; 42s.) which was reviewed in the NEW STATESMAN on 8 December last. American students are miles ahead of us in all this.

WAYLAND YOUNG

100 Bayswater Road, W2

LABOUR IN THE LCC

SIR, – Your journal alleged, 15 December, that the LCC 'has always provided one of the worst advertisements of the seamier side of Labour politics'. When challenged by Mrs Cole you gave, instead of evidence, a series of allegations so vague as to be incapable of examination. We were offered complaints, said to have been made by unnamed people about unspecified rules and regulations. As against the well known public figures who manage the affairs of a municipality as large as some sovereign states, we were told of persons – again unspecified – who decline to help. You then referred to 'the caucus-ridden techniques of the London Labour Party'. Either you are so unacquainted with London politics as to suppose that the London Labour Party controls the Labour Group on the LCC, or this is a fresh allegation – quite untrue and unsupported by any evidence – against a distinct body.

Why not abandon this flimsy stuff and look at the facts? In London, parliamentary and LCC constituencies are the same. If the LCC were a bad advertisement for Labour, LCC election results would be less favourable to Labour than parliamentary results in London. In fact, for the last 30 years, it is the LCC results which, save on one occasion, have been the more favourable. That occasion was 1949, when the LCC election was fought in the immediate shadow of an unpopular Labour national Budget. As the parliamentary results show, LCC victories do not fall unearned into Labour's lap; they are won by the good policy and hard work of the public-spirited men and women who, so far from being, as you suggest, 'frustrated' and 'deterred' are proud and happy to give their service.

The reasonable conclusion from the fact is that the sooner Labour equips itself to make as good a showing in the country as a whole as it makes on the LCC, the brighter its prospects will be. It is a NEW STATESMAN myth that the function of a political party is to provide copy by making the maximum public parade of its internal differences. The electorate, very sensibly, likes a party which knows its own mind and can act as a team.

MICHAEL STEWART

House of Commons

A QUESTION OF STOCK

SIR, – Mr Richard Ellmann, considering a speech of the poet Yeats to the Senate of Eire pleading for legal recognition of the convictions of Irish Protestants, says it was snobbish of Yeats to call them a stock. Whether they were a stock is a question of fact, and I write hoping that some other readers may be able to clear it. Did the Protestant Ascendancy make a principle of refusing to interbreed with the Irish natives, and if so did they succeed in carrying out their intention?

Mr Plomer, explaining why he does not consider himself a South African, remarked that if the cat has kittens in the oven you don't call them biscuits. Would the great line of Irish wits, from Congreve to Wilde, have said the same if you had called them Irishmen? I rather suspect that Yeats was telling a truth so obvious that it didn't even feel tactless when he called the Protestants a 'stock'.

WILLIAM EMPSON

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Light is Dark Enough

A. ALVAREZ

Encounter has reached its 100th issue and the applause is beginning to thunder in. So too, apparently, are the subscriptions: the circulation at the moment is nearly 30,000; for the special 100th number, 33,000 copies are being hopefully printed. This, Stephen Spender writes in his 'Postscript', is over three times the popularity envisaged when the venture began in October 1953. The Congress for Cultural Freedom must be very pleased, and even one or two weeklies will be a little green at the gills with jealousy. I imagine that neither *The Criterion* nor *Horizon*, whom Spender mistakenly invokes as *Encounter's* forbears, got anywhere near a comparable circulation.

The period, I suppose, has a good deal to do with it. There is at the moment a fashion for things intellectual, a strange epidemic which brings everyone out in highbrow paperbacks. At the airport in Wichita, Kansas, for example, the works of Dostoievsky and Faulkner are as readily available as those of Mickey Spillane. Instead of pin-up girls, *Esquire* now publishes Norman Mailer; *Playboy*, which was once the American equivalent of *London Opinion*, is taking the same thorny path. The times are serious and fashions go with them. Perhaps, too, a fair proportion of *Encounter's* circulation is among those successful young executives who still guiltily remember their university training. They take it for much the same reason as they loudly and nervously applaud attacks on themselves at the Royal Court and The Establishment. Those who aren't worried any more take *About Town* and *The Queen*. Nevertheless, 3s. 6d. a month is dear enough for a status symbol – particularly when it buys one, as like as not, 8,000 words on the economic conditions of India.

But of course *Encounter* usually offers rather more than that: in its time it has offered Crosland on the Labour Party, Fiedler on the *TLS*, Trevor-Roper on Toynbee and Wayland Young on prostitution. Its list of bombshells is impressive. Indeed, it has cornered the English market for long, serious articles. Not that there is much competition: only *The Twentieth Century* and the *New Left Review* are contending in the same field, and both are obviously handicapped by the absence of that Ford Foundation money. So for the professional writer *Encounter* has every advantage: it offers wide circulation, good money and ample space. And since most writers are praise-seeking, avaricious and long-winded, *Encounter* automatically gets the pick of the market. The only profitable alternative is to publish in American magazines like *Commentary* and the *Partisan Review*, which are better, though often less vivacious – but 3,000 miles away.

Yet considering its advantages, the magazine's record has been at best patchy and in places remarkably poor. Its most signal failure has been in literature. In his 'Postscript' Spender refers yearningly to the contents of *The Dial*, vol. lxxiii, 5, for November, 1922:

> T. S. Eliot *The Waste Land*
> W. B. Yeats *The Player Queen*
> Arthur Schnitzler *Doctor Graesler*
> Sherwood Anderson *Many Marriages*
> Ezra Pound *Paris Letter*
> Illustrations by Picasso, Brancusi, Duncan Grant, Adolph Dehn.

To judge from *Encounter's* literary contributions, the editorial principle has been to emulate this list without taking any risks. They have simply gone all out for big names in the apparent belief that fame and quality go hand in hand. They don't. But they do give the contents page a remarkably consistent look. *Encounter* No. 1 has some fiddling 'Pages from a Diary' by Virginia Woolf; for No. 100 E. M. Forster has dug into his bottom drawer and brought up bits of an Indian Journal. In No. 1 there is a beautiful meditation by Camus, in No. 100 some perceptive letters by Orwell. No. 1 sticks its neck out with stories by a Japanese ur-beatnik Dazai Osamu; No. 100 has a trashy one-act farce by the pure-beatnik Gregory Corso. Both, of course, have poems by Dame Edith Sitwell. And in between the first and the 100th issue most of the famous literary names occur.

Naturally, if a magazine is to circulate as widely as *Encounter*, famous names are essential. But there is a difference between publicity-prestige editing and the principles which guided *The Dial*. The difference was summed up in one of the latter's editorials:

> If a magazine isn't to be simply a waste of good white paper, it ought to print, with some regularity, either such work as would otherwise have to wait years for publication, or such as would not be acceptable elsewhere.

The only waiting much of the work by *Encounter's* big names seems to have done is that long, sad burial at the bottom of the authors' barrels. *The Dial* created reputations, *Encounter* merely uses ready-made ones. Its literary side in short seems to lack both editorial consistency and often even taste. For every piece of serious criticism by, say, J. G. Weightman there seem to be five bits of plump snobbishness by Hilary Corke.

But in all truth, though tiny salvoes from big literary guns may help sell *Encounter*, its reputation and influence come from its political and sociological essays. Which is as it should be, since *Encounter* and its parent body, the Congress for Cultural Freedom, were chilled into being by the cold war. If neither was designed specifically as a weapon in the fight, they were both intended at least as hefty defences of Western cultural values. The magazine's first editorial made no bones about this. It proclaimed, somewhat prematurely, 'the destruction of the Marxist-Leninist creed', and continued with the startling assertion:

> The dark side of the moon may no longer be mistaken for the rising sun, but it is still there and still dark. And shadows move among us; almost too many to count and sometimes even hard to name.

I don't know whether it was Spender or Irving Kristol, then the American co-editor, who was responsible for that extraordinary outburst. It wouldn't have happened now; the paranoiac throb of genuine propaganda is rarely heard in *Encounter* these days. Its tone has grown more sophisticated, though there are still moments, heaven knows, when the light seems dark enough.

Perhaps this sudden access of urbanity was due to the arrival of Melvin J. Lasky, who is a tougher and more accomplished journalist than either Spender or Kristol, from whom he took over. Certainly, since Lasky became editor *Encounter* seems to have been run as a more severely practical journalistic enterprise than it was when it began. It has become a good deal less idealistic and a good deal more successful. Perhaps it had to be: since the Stalinist ice age began to thaw, impassioned but naive propaganda has lost its appeal. Enough people now get behind the iron curtain for them not to be fooled by all they are told. Therefore the editors now have to create what the cold war automatically provided: the opportunity for controversy.

But the English are, on the whole, a non-political race. Unlike the French or the Germans, they rise sluggishly, if at all, to a purely theoretical bait. They will, however, talk endlessly about themselves and, rather late in the day, they have come to sociology. So the editorial function of *Encounter* seems to have been to create issues by using the techniques of Americanised sociology on contemporary British themes. In this, at least, it is both a useful and truly Anglo-American enterprise.

Encounter may not have discovered new writers or created any great literary reputations, but it must have provoked more cocktail-party conversation than any comparable magazine of our time. All the talking points are there, from U and non-U, through the Two Cultures and on up to the Meritocracy. This again may be a sign of the times: it may well be – as American critics are forever pointing out – that a good deal of writing talent has swung away from literature and gone into sociology. But I wonder if it isn't also true that the British intelligentsia feeds on these pre-packed instant issues – most of which can be reduced, in the end, to terms of snobbery – because of a failure in 'the moral imagination'.

The phrase is Leslie Fiedler's and it comes from his notorious essay on the Rosenbergs. One may not agree with his case, or admire the characteristic flamboyance with which he overstated it, but his essay had undoubted qualities: it raised genuinely urgent issues and dealt with them logically, unsentimentally and with passion. I imagine that, in effect, we were being treated in this essay to an inside view of a parochial New York battle: that is, Fiedler was using the Rosenberg case largely to air his own annoyance with the over-ripe liberal

humanism which is worshipped around Columbia University, and which was fairly represented in *Encounter* by Lionel Trilling's humourless defence of *Lolita* as – God help us – a great love story. My point, however, is simple: among the best of the American intelligentsia a trivial domestic quarrel as often as not expands into something really important and can provoke a radical self-criticism which, by its very exacerbation, both demands considerable intellectual effort and can bring about a truly agonising reappraisal of values. One feels that the best American writers mean, and are vitally exercised by, what they say.

In comparison, their English counterparts mostly speak in what a writer in *Commentary* recently called 'the bland, wistful tone of the British Left nowadays'. They are clever and polished, but they don't care: they lack that 'moral imagination'. What in Britain really interests them? The bright answers come: people talk of 'serviettes' instead of 'napkins'; they don't know the second law of thermodynamics; they are too sentimental about the Royal Family and/or the working classes; or, to quote the latest issue, they haven't made up their minds on 'sexual morality and religion'. The image *Encounter* presents of British intellectual life is that of some endless High Table conversation: smart, quick, cultured, easy, a little complacent, while underneath runs the nagging anxiety about just who is where in the social-intellectual game.

New-Minted

The Story of the Night. By JOHN HOLLOWAY. *Routledge*. 21*s*.

Shakespeare and Platonic Beauty. By JOHN VYVYAN. *Chatto & Windus*. 21*s*.

Dr Holloway's well-known habit of staring sternly at the class to ensure attention, his perpetual concern that the reader should know that he knows exactly what he is talking about, are as oppressive as ever in the prolegomena to these Shakespearian essays. 'Those who find this discussion intricate and irritating ought to pause before they dismiss it', is a characteristic warning. I myself would gladly sign an undertaking to pause for any prescribed length of time before dismissing anything he has to say – it wouldn't, in view of his proved powers, be giving anything away – provided he promised to give up this unnerving rhetorical trick. In the opening chapter he is arguing that there is a 'current coin' in modern Shakespeare criticism which, by repeated bangs on the counter and unrelenting dental assault, he can show to be counterfeit. I think he succeeds, and am glad to think so; what I complain of is the tone, the unashamed nagging – which, in the allusions to other scholars, turns into an unhappy parody of the ironic Arnold. Among the writers so teased are D. A. Traversi, L. C. Knights, Wilson Knight, D. J. Enright, F. R. Leavis and the late S. L. Bethell, to whom Mr Holloway refers throughout, with an unintentional effect of superciliousness, as 'Professor Bithell'. The charge is, in sum, that all these critics deceive themselves with their own terminology (as when they speak of the plays as 'statements' of this or that, or of Shakespeare as 'clarifying values' or 'enacting significance' or being 'for life'). In the end, says Dr Holloway, you have to believe either that Shakespeare was muddled and ignorant, or that these critics are often 'undisciplined and irresponsible', and of these repulsive alternatives he prefers the latter. The fact is that the kind of attention Shakespeare inspires is different from that invited by even the most profound moral observation; the task is to free oneself from all these counterfeit metaphors and so look more simply at the plays, work for 'the restoration of traditional clarity' first, and perhaps, after that, find a new and more genuine critical coinage.

Any programme to liberate Shakespeare from his present burden of licentious commentary deserves support, and one passes gladly to the hundred or so pages in which Dr Holloway promises to attend to what is in the tragedies. After much thought I feel willing to say that these are the best essays on the tragedies I have ever read. Dr Holloway treats the major plays separately, but constantly prepares us for the circumspect generalisations of his final chapter. Thus in *Hamlet* the hero passes from centrality to isolation, assumes a quasi-ritual role which is more important than mere 'character'. There is a plunge into universal violence, enacted with feverish exuberance: death takes shape under the fantastic movement of life, providence under the appearances of chance. Othello, at first presented with great deliberation as a complete man, declines to a monster, his reason destroyed, his person ceremonially isolated; his final speech directs our attention precisely to his regression from Venetian to savage. (This rejection of fashionable views on Othello, and also on Desdemona and Cassio, is a great boon; how much better Boito and Verdi understood the play than Dr Leavis!) Progressive isolation and ceremonial destruction are in *Macbeth* preludes to a restoration of order. Differences between the plays are as much Holloway's concern as similarities of design; but for him, as for everybody, *Lear* is the greatest and most inclusive of all tragedies, and his essay rises to the play, must indeed be a classic performance. He makes fine use of the contemporary notion that the world was coming to a violent end, and even finer of the persistent parallel between the hero and Job; he says the play has not so much an action as a *protraction*, in that constant renewal and intensification of suffering when it seems no more can be borne which was evidently the playwright's sombre design in this 'incomparable work'. If there is order, it is order that can accommodate unimaginable evil; Lear plays his role, is hunted down like Jack-a-Green, hero and victim, human sacrifice. On the remaining tragedies the book remains extremely perceptive and illuminating; but the chapter on *Lear* is, like the play, incomparable.

What, finally, is there to say about the shadowy parallel between this pattern of isolation and sacrifice, and primitive rites? Dr Holloway explores this matter with habitual caution. In either case, the spectator gains a strengthened 'sense of community' from observing the destruction of one who has repudiated the bonds of man and man; but the fiction is incomparably freer and more potent than the rite, because it richly represents life, and in the end 'brings us back to our own lives'.

Clearly, Dr Holloway's book is injured by such feeble summary. It is self-evidently truer to a mature experience of the tragedies than the work Holloway calls 'the current coin'. It seems he needs to make certain ritual gestures of disagreement by way of cleansing the critical situation before bringing to bear his own powers. So be it. Whether or no the very sophisticated argument for the ritual analogue wins acceptance, there are, in the essays on *Hamlet*, *Macbeth* and *Lear*, passages I should hope never to forget when thinking about these plays.

Mr Vyvyan's book on the comedies is spoilt by one of the faults Holloway finds in other writers, a failure to consider with any seriousness the intellectual temper of the time in which Shakespeare wrote. He thinks all the plays he discusses are rather exact allegories, a view which anything like a true idea of what allegory could be would have prohibited; and he speaks continually of the context of Elizabethan thought as if it were identical with what he calls 'Marsilian Platonism'. This he in turn uses as a synonym for 'humanism'. All-or-nothing is Mr Vyvyan's method; either Shakespeare was a disciple of Ficino or he did not think; either the plays are wholly allegorical, in which case the heroines stand for Intellectual Beauty, or they mean nothing at all.

FRANK KERMODE

Plain Man

J. L. Austin: Philosophical Papers. Edited by J. O. URMSON and G. J. WARNOCK. *Oxford*. 25*s*.

J. L. Austin was very much a philosopher's philosopher; his influence in and beyond Oxford has been considerable, but his name is not well known outside the academic world. From this posthumous collection, it is easy to see why: the papers are dry, businesslike and technical; they make few concessions, and even the occasional jokes – though good – are donnish. It is possible to caricature Austin as a verbalistic pedant, poised to open the *Oxford English Dictionary* at the first whiff of battle. Indeed, his allusions to that good book are uncomfortably frequent: he remarks its value as a philosophical implement, and gives instructions about its proper use; he proposes to wade through it listing groups of words for all occasions; he refers to it to settle a number of disputes that one might consider more philosophical than lexicographic. Etymology gets a good showing too, and there are discourses on the history and derivation of words like 'accident', 'if' and 'pretend'. Grammar and philosophy are throughout coupled together as tweedledum and tweedledee (it is at one point suggested that there really isn't much distinction between the two, and that the best way to clear up our troubles would be to produce one 'true and comprehensive science of language').

Behind this seems to lurk the belief that almost any grammatical difference reflects a significant philosophical difference, so that attending to the nuances of language will itself further philosophical progress. This doctrine can (and does) lead to the worst kind of triviality: even a practitioner as capable as Austin occasionally betrays its absurdity, as when he considers the contrast between 'He clumsily trod on the snail' and 'He trod clumsily on the snail'. But while his disciples may show a convincing inability to see the wood for the trees (or even the trees for the twigs), Austin himself gives evidence of a broader philosophic interest. If his method was primarily to consider 'what we can and cannot say and *precisely* why', he also drew attention to 'the care and thoroughness needed if [that method] is not to fall into disrepute'; for 'we are looking not *merely* at words but also at the realities we use the words to talk about: we are using a sharpened awareness of

words to sharpen our perception of, though not as the final arbiter of, the phenomena'. And, finally,

> it will not do, having discovered the facts about 'ordinary usage', *to rest content* with that, as though there were nothing more to be discussed . . . there may be extraordinary facts, even about our everyday experience, which plain men and plain language overlook.

His later writings contain much explanation and apologia: he is anxious to underline how his careful study of excuses may be relevant to the problems of freedom, and how his analysis of pretending can help to clarify the concept of action. There is a most revealing remark in the last paragraph of the last paper he published: 'I am not sure that importance is important: truth is'. Perhaps it is no accident that his discussion of truth is one of the most stimulating in the book; all the same, I believe he was wrong about importance.

R. A. BECHER

The Road to Runnymede

The Northerners. By J. C. HOLT. *Oxford.* 42*s.*

A New History of Scotland. Vol. I. By W. C. DICKINSON. *Nelson.* 42*s.*

The Yorkist Age. By PAUL MURRAY KENDALL. *Allen & Unwin.* 35*s.*

The Fifteenth Century. By E. F. JACOB. *Oxford.* 38*s.*

Magna Carta began its life as a cause in 1215 and lasted as such for centuries, supposedly enshrining principles as varied as the rule of law and the rights of private enterprise against monopoly. But its original enforcement on King John was an act of politics. However important its principles were for future generations, the political activity which brought it into existence is of equal importance. Historians have tended to treat medieval politics either as the background to the emergence of constitutional principles – such as representative government – or as a battle between aristocratic factions close to the centre of government. In either case they have avoided the real issues of medieval society, which were as deeply rooted in economic and social needs as any of modern times, and which in addition were regional rather than national.

The author of *The Northerners* takes the contemporary chroniclers' attribution of the driving force behind the baronial revolt against King John to the *Norenses, Aquilonares* or *Boreales* as the theme of a detailed examination of John's road to Runnymede. This was no party label. The Northern barons and knights, with closely integrated territorial and family interests from Lincolnshire to Scotland, formed, in spite of divisions, a social group suffering common grievances and capable of common action. The lack of evidence makes it difficult to present a solid social study of the North at the time. But as the author examines the impact of John's political and financial exactions on the Northern aristocrats, the issues begin to take shape in a closely argued and excellently documented study of oppression.

As early at 1209, the Northerners show themselves as an interdependent and even exclusive group: as mutual pledges for the enormous debts which they owed to the Crown. They reacted more strongly than the Southern barons against feudal military service in France, for they had special responsibilities on the Scottish frontier expressed in special forms of tenure. The whole story is coloured by the fatal necessity that drove John to make enemies of these powerful men. The politics of this era cannot be understood without realising that owing to a great rise in prices government could not be anything other than exorbitant, for it had no source of income which kept pace with prices. Finance was the object of government as of justice.

In bringing the backward North into line with the administration of the South, more and more money was demanded. The hold of local families on local government was broken. The king's familiars, on the make for themselves as well as for their master, replaced the Northern landowners in the office of sheriff. The financial resources of the royal forests, in a region full of forests, were heavily exploited to the exclusion of local interests. Enormous sums were demanded for offices and for feudal rights and privileges. The indebted barons had to borrow heavily from the wealthy Jews of York and Lincoln, and then John moved in to become their ruthless debt collector. Land was mortgaged as pledge for loans and debts to the royally protected parvenus and to religious bodies such as the Cistercians.

No wonder the Northern barons were the originators and the driving force of rebellion; nor that Magna Carta was too weak for many of them. For by 1215 the movement had been penetrated by compromisers from the South, a split ready for the highly intelligent John to exploit. Dr Holt begins his book by telling us that the civil war 'was being fought for a cause, a programme, not for one individual or even several, but for a document, a simple piece of parchment.' But by the end of the book he has convinced himself, and the reader, that 'through the simplest operations of the Exchequer, baronial families could be driven to penury, loss of estate and deprivation. When they fought in 1215, they fought above all for themselves.'

Dr Holt's book is a specialist study that brings real understanding if the reader is prepared to work for it – which is more than one gets from the recent flood of general-outline histories. An interesting feature of *The Northerners* is that it suggests, in passing, how much of a community of interest there was between the Northern and the Scottish landowners. Their lands straddled the frontier. Brus and de Vesci were leading English rebels. But these and other Northern families are part of the history of feudal Scotland. So the Northern barons were able, quite naturally, to do homage to Alexander II in 1215 and 1216. The facts that lay behind this incident should stand out in a history of the Scottish feudal aristocracy. Unfortunately, Professor Dickinson cannot ensure this in a textbook of the scope and size of Volume One of the *New History of Scotland.* His book is clear, well written and up to date, however, and fills a gap, at this level. Outline histories are, of course, essential for speedy reference, but it is studies in depth, like *The Northerners,* which give us a proper understanding of the political and social issues of an epoch. Could one hope that the first-class historians who are engaged by publishers to write these outline histories for the general reader could be persuaded to interpret their deeper researches for the same readership?

Paul Murray Kendall, already well-known for his popular histories of Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick, and the maligned Richard III, has tried to do something like this in his *The Yorkist Age.* It is charged to overflowing with detail and colour. But the author's statement of aims shows that he has in fact abdicated his responsibilities as a historian. 'I have . . . avoided, when I could, dealing with pots and pans and concepts and constitution and government and economic change and religious attitudes . . .' For these matters, the latest answers are to be found in E. F. Jacob's long awaited volume in the Oxford History of England. It is a formidable 700 pages, and at first glance might seem to be constructed on the old Oxford History formula by which political narrative is kept separate from social, economic and religious history. However, as one would expect from Dr Jacob, the threads are well woven together and a vast amount of material is gracefully presented. For an extra three shillings the general reader will get no less vivid a picture of 15th-century life than he will from Professor Kendall. He will also be faced with some of the real problems of what is still one of the most puzzling centuries of English history.

RODNEY HILTON

Anti-Prole

The Worker in an Affluent Society. By FERDYNAND ZWEIG. *Heinemann.* 25*s.*

What have 20 years of full employment done to (or for) the British worker? If we really knew the answer it would not be necessary to make so many guesses – about politics, welfare, the use of leisure, education and even about the kind of society that our relative affluence is creating. But we don't: sociology is only nibbling at the edges of our stereotype of the working class. We must therefore be grateful to Dr Zweig, who at least offers us an occasional book of systematic reporting about the way groups of workers live and earn their living. This one, for instance, is based on 672 interviews with employees in modern factories – steelworks in Sheffield and Workington, and the Mullard, Dunlop and Vauxhall plants. These workers, it is true, earn above the average, and the sample is so eccentric that the results cannot be regarded as more than suggestive. Yet they do provide a useful corrective to all kinds of dogmatic notions.

Greater security, Dr Zweig reports, is bringing changes in the home as well as at work. Husbands spend more time with their families, and take a greater share of family responsibilities: no longer driven and exploited on the factory floor, they do not get rid of aggressions in authoritarian behaviour at home. On the contrary, home matters increasingly to them – as an incentive to saving, to do-it-yourself house pride. Dr Zweig also believes

> that we are witnessing a considerable change in husband-wife relationships in the working classes, and that this has a bearing on the world of man's values. The more he accepts his wife as an equal partner, the more he acquires, mostly unconsciously, her values and standards . . . the desire to serve and please seems to be on the ascendant in the working man's life.

This is one important point of change. Another is the decline of class consciousness. Dr Zweig notes that the personal elements – car ownership, for example, widens the social horizon of the worker, and house ownership confirms a sense of status – are gaining ground over the collective and proletarian response. These men are anti-proles, increasingly self-confident and self-aware, and ambitious for themselves and their children. One quarter of the sons of the men interviewed were moving, in terms of education and occupation,

into traditional middle-class patterns. This is the way the revolution of rising expectations has seized them. Though the old working-class 'culture', in Hoggart's sense, is clearly disappearing, it seems that it is being replaced by a more integrated and stable family life. This partly compensates for the way in which modern 'mass culture' manipulates and exploits the working class with the phoney intimacy of 'togetherness'.

Much that Dr Zweig has to say seems to me well-observed, and I particularly commend his sections on working wives (which bears out Viola Klein's recent survey), marriage habits, and the effect of shift work and overtime. But I am much less sure about his somewhat pretentious conclusions about the 'homeo-static principle', which he presents as an emotional mechanism which damps down excessive response to pain or pleasure. I wish, moreover, that he had given us a little less apparatus and more about aspects of these workers' lives that he neglects. He tells us whether they have heard of Picasso or Freud, but not what newspapers they read or how they react to advertising. It would also have been useful to have a breakdown of their participation in unions, political parties and other voluntary groups. Without such data, it is impossible to estimate whether they are socially more passive than their fathers, or whether their socialisation has simply taken a different form.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

Fokine's Dejection

Memoirs of a Ballet Master. By FOKINE. Translated by Vitale Fokine. *Constable.* 42*s.*

It is a surprise that Michel Fokine, the greatest choreographer of the century, should have written these rather dejected memoirs. He created 82 ballets and hardly ever suffered from lack of work, he was happily married from 1905 to his death in 1942: yet a sense of frustration colours the whole book. It may be that this was a necessary part of the impetus to work, but it seems to me that after he finally broke with Diaghilev in 1914 he never again found a ballet management with sufficiently high artistic standards, save perhaps for one year with René Blum's company two decades later.

Fokine began training at the Leningrad Imperial Ballet School when he was nine, and created *Les Sylphides* and *Carnaval* for the company before he was 30. About this time he was also dancing and doing the choreography for Diaghilev's newly formed Ballets Russes, for whom he created *Petrushka, Coq d'Or* and several other masterpieces. But in 1912 Diaghilev, whose passion for Nijinsky was at its height, decided to make a choreographer of the young man. Serge Grigoriev writes that the impresario

> was in a hurry to live. He was looking ahead towards fresh currents in choreography, and rather than rely on Fokine's experience, he preferred to guide Nijinsky in his lack of it.

Certainly the intrigues and shiftings of a man intent on displacing an old talent with a new are fascinating as well as unpleasant.

Almost all the rest of Fokine's life was lived in America, though he made frequent visits to Europe. It seems, however, that his talent was not comfortable in the States. After one dose he could not stomach Hollywood, where he was commissioned to do dances for a film about the French Revolution. On hearing the music he was puzzled that it had nothing to do with the 18th century; he asked the musician in what style it was composed and was told 'the commercial style'. He left. His attitude to Martha Graham was equally intolerant. He went to a lecture demonstration where she referred to ballet as 'horrible'. Fokine demolished and derided her. Yet he came away angry, envious, perhaps, of her success.

ANNABEL FARJEON

Operation Castro

The Lost Plantation. By WARREN MILLER. *Secker & Warburg.* 21*s.*

The Santa María. By HENRIQUE GALVAO. Translated by WILLIAM LONGFELLOW. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 21*s.*

Warren Miller is a young (fortyish) American novelist who travelled up and down Cuba for one month in December 1960. *The Lost Plantation* is his diary, tidied up somewhat after he went back to New York. He writes with irony and economy, and his book is very readable. I have met several of the people he portrays, and though all protested to me that they had been caricatured, the descriptions seem to me to fit, and to be sensitive and accurate. The account he gives of expatriate life in Miami and of American official policy is equally sharp and also very funny. The over-all impression, however, is misleading. It is wrong to claim that this is 'The Face of Cuba Today'. In my experience, Cuba in the summer of 1961 was very different from that described by Mr Miller. (It is almost certainly different today from what it was when I left three months ago.) I quite see that Secker & Warburg might be reluctant to produce a book subtitled 'The Face of Cuba a Year Ago', but this is what it is, if anything. I say 'if anything' because even a year ago the revolutionary process in Cuba had developed further than Mr Miller suggests. After all, alongside the admirably conceived agrarian reforms, the first year of Fidel Castro's power had already seen the disgraceful Matos trial – which occurred a year before Mr Miller arrived.

Meanwhile the facts of the present Cuban situation are that the country is far less haywire than *The Lost Plantation* suggests. In August this year Castro could claim that now 'the nation is fully organised, even down to the children the nation is organised . . .' On 2 December he declared the final unification of the Communist Party, the 26th July movement (a memory) and the 13 March Directorate (a ghost) into the United Party of the Cuban Socialist Revolution. This party is strictly Marxist-Leninist in ideology and its leaders are such well-known old-time leaders of the Cuban Communist Party as Blas Roca, Rafael Rodríguez and Annibal Escalante. The relations between Castro, Guevara and the party leadership are, of course, obscure, but it is absurd to doubt that the revolution in Cuba is now run on strict party lines, and that a state dictatorship and not a worker's dictatorship has been firmly established. This admitted, there are many deviations from orthodox Communist party behaviour in Cuba which make the country in many ways more attractive than others which habitually vote in the UN with the Soviet bloc.

Henrique Galvão's book is obviously very hasty. Thirty-four of the 179 pages of text give a superficial history of Salazar's régime and the next 61 describe Galvão's life up till the time he embarked on the exploit which made him so romantic an international figure. Of these, a dozen are an abridgement of Galvão's report on native problems in the Portuguese African colonies done when he was a deputy for, and provincial Governor in, Angola. The impression is of a tough, independent liberal of upper-class background who indirectly supported Salazar for many years out of political indifference.

Galvão's later account of his imprisonment and ultimate escape from Portugal is exciting and convincing. The final and longest section deals with Operation Dulcinea, and reproduces the log of the luxury liner Santa María from 22 January, when Galvão took command, until 3 February, when he delivered the ship to the naval authorities in Recife, Brazil. The log leaves no doubt that he was the perfect gentleman throughout. But was the operation a success? Certainly the original, wild aim of the scheme – to capture the Spanish-held island of Fernando Pó and thence to launch a surprise attack on Angola – was abandoned. Was the second aim worthwhile – to raise the flag of freedom and draw attention to the character of the Salazar tyranny? The answer, I think, is 'yes'. But in the end his book is disappointing. The appendices on the future of the Portuguese colonies have already been overtaken by events. The aims described there are rejected by even the moderate opposition on the spot; the conception of Portugal, moreover – where change will be gracious, gradual and inevitable – is as romantic as Operation Dulcinea itself.

HUGH THOMAS

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Dim View

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

Behind the public face of events, as of individual lives, there is another hidden one, more crafty, calculating, and more interesting. Words like 'honour' become the public face; the hand is on the heart. The hidden face is set for bargaining, not orating; the hand is in someone else's pocket. This is particularly the case in time of war, when ostensible objectives differ most widely from actual ones. Wars are never about what they are supposed to be about, and the record anyway is faked by the victors. No one who finishes up on, or attached to, the winning side is going to admit that he ever envisaged any other outcome. Yesterday's traitor is today's hero, and *vice versa*. Spies and double-agents flit like will-o'-the-wisps about the murky marshland between contending armies; and in the hearts of men, ostensibly engaged, fears and uncertainties shape themselves into half-formulated plans, dubiously entertained intentions.

This dim, but rich landscape attracts prospectors, two recent examples being Dr Margret Boveri* and Mr Jon Kimche.† Dr Boveri considers the whole question of treason, as it arose in many guises during, and in the aftermath of, the 1939-45 war. Quisling, King Leopold of Belgium, Pétain, Laval and Darlan; William Joyce, Ezra Pound, Knut Hamsun – these, and many lesser figures, pass in a melancholy procession. Villains? Or men who miscalculated? Got their timing wrong? What additions would there have been to them if the Battle of Britain had gone the other way? This we shall never know for sure. Victory enshrines our virtue, as defeat abolished theirs.

Particularly interesting is Dr Boveri's long and perceptive account of two main centres of German opposition to Hitler and the Nazi regime – the *Rote Kapelle* and the Kreisau Circle. Were these Germans, as Churchill and Roosevelt considered, only Nazis who adjusted their attitudes in the light of an impending defeat, without undergoing any true change of heart? Or did they represent, as Dr Boveri seems to suggest, a lost opportunity of salvaging something more from Europe than rubble and a cold war? This, too, we shall never know for sure. In any case, Hitler killed most of them.

Mr Kimche confines himself to the particular case of Switzerland, whose geographical position made neutrality difficult to maintain. That it was successfully maintained was mainly due, according to Mr Kimche, to the efforts of General Guisan, elected to command the Swiss armed forces. The Swiss, it seems, elect their Commander-in-Chief in times of national crisis. It is interesting to speculate on how we should fare if we adopted a similar procedure. Field Marshal Wigg? Or Liddell Hart? Or Chapman Pincher? The mind reels.

In any case, one of the consequences of Swiss neutrality was that espionage made good the inevitable wartime losses on tourism. Spies flocked in from every direction, keeping the restaurants and the hotels going until happier times returned, and Winter Sports could be resumed on the Alpine slopes. The Swiss have all the luck. Mr Allen Dulles's arrival on the scene was a portent of yet greater activity. As the war drew to a close, there were many clandestine visitors and mysterious encounters, resulting finally in the unconditional surrender of the German Army in Italy.

All this Mr Kimche elucidates in a highly professional manner. He was, as we used to say in those days, 'in the picture'. And a complicated picture it was. It seems curious now that the possibility of a take-over by Himmler, and a negotiated peace with him, was taken seriously, not only by Himmler himself, but by quite a number of other less evidently demented Germans. There were so many different tendencies and pressures. At one point, according to Mr Kimche, a proposition was actually made on behalf of Tito to the commander of the German Army Group in Northern Yugoslavia that joint Jugoslav-German action should be taken 'to resist an Allied landing on the Adriatic coast in the neighbourhood of Fiume and Trieste'.

The oddest affair of all, dealt with both by Mr Kimche and Dr Boveri, concerns a certain Rössler: to quote Dr Boveri, an 'improbable little man with thick spectacles and limpid brown eyes,' who had settled in Switzerland after having been a journalist of sorts, and head of the actors' guild in Berlin. He ran an impecunious publishing business, Vita Nuova, in Lucerne, whose list included the surprising name of Stanley Baldwin. During the war years Rössler produced, apparently out of nowhere, intelligence about the German Army and its operational plans of fabulous range, accuracy and detail. The Swiss had access to it, to the great advantage of General Guisan. It was relayed to the Russians by an English radio operator, Alexander Foote, who had been trained as a spy in the USSR.

Foote wrote an admirable book, *A Handbook For Spies*, about his experiences. Published soon after the war, when Stalin was greatly beloved, especially among Top People, it passed largely unnoticed and unread. By an accident, I came to know Foote when he was working rather wretchedly as a minor civil servant in one of those government offices, perhaps Agriculture and Fisheries, set up in the Regent's Park Nash terraces. He used to drop in for a drink on his way home – a large, pasty man, with the guarded, somehow wooden look which characterises, alike, ex-spies and ex-whores. I got to like him, and, though the shadow of MI5 hung over our conversations, we had many a laugh at the idiocies of Soviet Intelligence, which, in Foote's experience, reassuringly resembled those of other like organisations. Some years ago I read that he had died.

He purported to know nothing about Rössler ('Lucy' to him) and his truly remarkable sources. Yet the speed with which Rössler was able to deal with the intricate Soviet queries Foote passed on to him, and the great variety of top-secret offices, departments and agencies to which he must have had access thus to be able to answer them so expeditiously, suggest that either he had a line to the Führer's unconscious or received his information elsewhere. I incline to the latter view. Was the whole arrangement, perhaps, an ingenious means of providing a channel for passing high-grade Allied intelligence to Stalin which that suspicious Georgian would accept as trustworthy? After all, when Cripps told him the date of the German attack on Russia, Stalin just laughed. From Rössler *via* Foote would be another matter.

Be that as it may, Rössler continued to ply his trade after the end of the war. He was caught out sending information about American military installations in Western Germany across the iron curtain, and put on trial. In the end, however, the Swiss court, rather surprisingly, accepted his plea to be judged in the same spirit as if he had been working from East to West instead of the other way round, and acquitted him. He was allowed to stay in Switzerland, and is, I should like to think, at this very moment arranging for a Vita Nuova publication of Mr Iain Macleod's book on Neville Chamberlain.

It is a relief to turn from these sombre matters to an old-timer like Ignatius Timothy Trebitsch-Lincoln‡, whose espionage activities were solely for money, and who found it more convenient to forge the documents and invent the information he flogged. Messrs David Lampe and Laszlo Szenasi provide a diverting account of this ribald figure, who might be the hero of one of Ilya Ehrenburg's excellent satirical novels, written before he yoked himself to the party line. Presbyterian Minister, Anglican curate in Kent, Liberal MP for Darlington, participator in the Kapp *putsch*, adviser to a Chinese warlord, and, finally, Buddhist Abbot Chao Kung – spying was only a sideline for Ignatius Timothy. Had he applied himself more assiduously to it, he would doubtless have excelled. He had the right temperament.

**Treason in the Twentieth Century.* By MARGRET BOVERI. Translated by Jonathan Steinberg. *Macdonald.* 35*s.*

†Spying For Peace. By JON KIMCHE. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 21*s.*

‡The Self-Made Villain. By DAVID LAMPE and LASZLO SZENASI. *Cassell.* 21*s.*

Lucrezia Etc.

The Horizon Book of the Renaissance. *Collins. 5 gns.*

During the last few years there have been a number of serious attempts to reappraise the achievements of the Italian Renaissance. This book is not one of them. A distinguished editor has managed to enrol some distinguished contributors in a worthwhile enterprise, but the flavour of the present glossy volume is one of confusion and missed opportunities.

This is not because of the rare mistakes or peculiar judgments – though it is odd to find humanism described as a 'union of love and reason'; nor because of the occasional vulgarities – Pietro Bembo was 'just Lucrezia's cup of tea'; nor because, again and again, the illustrations do not correspond to the text, so that when we come across some challenging comments by Sir Kenneth Clark on Michelangelo's *David* we are quite unable to compare them with our own impressions; nor even because the colour plates, though often well chosen, are of a crudity seldom, if ever, seen outside the 'cultural' pages of *Life*.

What is crucial is a weakness in policy which can probably be attributed to the Editors of *Horizon* magazine who, so the title-page informs us, are jointly responsible with Dr Plumb for this publication. Dr Plumb and his contributors are naturally aware of the criticisms that the concept of the Renaissance has aroused ever since it was formulated some hundred years ago – but again and again these have been side-tracked or neglected in favour of the easier and more colourful inter-

pretation. The cavalier use of chronology and unjustified generalisations in Burckhardt's great book, far from being remedied, has actually been exaggerated. Nine essays of varying merit by the different authors – some of them really interesting and informative – take us from Petrarch to Isabella d'Este by a very devious route. We learn of Machiavelli before Federigo da Montefeltre, of the young Michelangelo before Pope Pius II. This is understandable as the biographies have been introduced so as to illustrate general features of the Renaissance – the Prince, the Arts, the Cradle of Humanism and so on – which in turn are discussed by the editor. Within the editor's essays, however, (which are often valuable) the same chaos prevails.

The word 'Renaissance' itself is used by editor and authors indiscriminately, with no attempt at definition. Galeazzo Maria Sforza was murdered by a 'typical Renaissance bunch – a penniless noble adventurer, a cousin who resented the rape of his sister' etc. Elsewhere we are told that the popes between 1471 and 1521 were 'as much creatures of the Renaissance as Michelangelo's *Adam* or Donatello's *David*' and that Pius II 'might be considered an entirely typical figure of the Renaissance' had he not tried to organise a crusade against the Turks. Some typical Renaissance attention to detail would not have been amiss.

FRANCIS HASKELL

Thoughts on Slavery

Journal of a Residence on a Georgian Plantation in 1838-1839. By FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE. *Cape*. 36*s*.

Divide and Quit. By PENDEREL MOON. *Chatto & Windus*. 30*s*.

A Spanish Tapestry. By MICHAEL KENNY. *Cohen & West*. 25*s*.

Don't Send Me to Omsk. By ROY MACGREGOR-HASTIE. *Macdonald*. 21*s*.

Fanny Kemble, actress (b. 1809), was married in 1834 to a young Philadelphian, Pierce Butler, as the climax to a successful American tour. Though the Butlers lived in the North, their fortune came from a slave plantation (rice and sea-island cotton) in Georgia. Fanny was a woman of intelligence, of sympathy, and of a sensibility that was none the worse for being a little literary in its expression. In 1831, the New England Anti-Slavery Society had been founded. In 1833, the slaves of the West Indies had been emancipated. In 1835, a year after her marriage to a slave-owner, Fanny 'devoted herself to reading, to writing, and to the elaboration of her thoughts on slavery'.

Difficult domestic situation. And it grew worse after December 1838, when Pierce Butler went south on plantation business, taking his wife, small daughter and a white nurse named Margery with him. The *Journal* is an account of their journey and of their 15 weeks' stay, first on Butler Island, which was mostly swamp, then on St Simon's Island, which was partly sand, with rattlesnakes among the fauna. It is in the form of a series of letters to Elizabeth Sedgwick, a friend in Massachusetts. The letters were never sent, and the form seems to be conventional. They record not only an experience of what slavery was, but the breaking of a marriage, as Butler at last forbade his wife to bring him any more complaints from slaves.

Of course, she was often priggish: it was a priggish time.

> How is it that men have ever been blind to the exceeding profitableness of labour . . . whose moral harvest alone – industry, economy, patience, foresight, knowledge – is in itself an exceeding great reward.

She had the 19th-century optimism also ('the half-wicked of the world are the leaks through which wickedness is eventually swamped'), but it was a shrewd optimism, for this *is* the way reforms are made.

Fanny Kemble knew well enough that few slaves were intelligent, few honest and fewer clean. What opportunities were there for intelligence, what incentives for industry, how did one acquire the habit of cleanliness without the means? She paid them for odd jobs; she washed the heads of the children; she improved the hospital; she gave away meat and cut out dresses, held a service on Sundays, and carried, for as long as he would allow it, their petitions to her husband. When she could do no more, she wept.

Balachandra Rajan in *The Dark Dancer* and Khushwant Singh in *Train to Pakistan* have used the massacres that followed the Partition of British India in 1947 as raw material for novels. Mr Penderel Moon now gives us his own more sober account. From 1938 to 1941 he acted as Secretary to the Governor of the Punjab. In 1947, he was the Revenue Minister of the Native State of Bahawalpur. Mr Moon had been a fellow of All Souls as well as a member of the ICS. He tells what he knows. He was concerned with many of the negotiations which led up to Partition, and his description of them takes up the first third of his book. Thereafter the great catastrophe of the Punjab forms rather the context than the matter of his story. He has himself reckoned the total number of murdered as just under 200,000. In Bahawalpur, where the people were comparatively pacific (and in part because of Mr Moon's own energy and skill), only about 3,000 were killed. There were those who were slaughtered on trains, but whole trainfuls were not slaughtered.

His book is not only a record of what, but an analysis of why. The idea of Pakistan may have been implicit in the independence of British India, but it was never formulated, he tells us, until 1938, and was hardly serious politics until 1945. Even within the notion of Pakistan, there need have been no division of the Punjab, if the Sikhs had reached an agreement with the Muslim League instead of with the Muslim Unionist Party, which was almost wiped out in the 1945 elections.

Mr Moon parcels out blame. Gandhi's woolliness, Jinnah's intransigence, the British reluctance to forgo power. 'The root of the trouble lay in the decision to introduce parliamentary democracy' – Mr Moon looks for a source in 1919. But there are no 'roots' in history. Most educated Indians thought of parliamentary democracy as the most natural form of government, and for a reason we must look back to the Macaulay Minute of 1835 – which was not in its turn a beginning, but only part of the enormous mesh of events in which we live.

A Spanish Tapestry, despite its title, is an anthropologist's able study of community life in an isolated village and in a fashionable parish of Madrid. *Don't Send Me to Omsk* is snobbish (Mr Hastie defines a delegation as 'a group of goggle-eyed gas-fitters from somewhere like Smethwick'): flip but readable.

JOHN BOWEN

N.B.

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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Horses' Mouths

DAVID SYLVESTER

'He who knows does not speak; he who speaks does not know'. Lao Tse's pronouncement makes us feel so deeply ashamed of ever having used words that we haven't the nerve to remind ourselves that he wrote a whole book about knowing. It's like the man who, by making no gesture towards paying his share of a taxi, causes us to feel we were being parsimonious in hoping he might contribute. The tactic is much used by painters. They're always going on about the impossibility of putting anything that matters about painting into words, but they still talk and talk about it, far more, say, than writers talk about writing. They probably do more theorising than any other occupational group, except perhaps golfers.

The painter as public speaker is nevertheless a recent growth, broadly speaking, one that has flourished since about 1890. Previous to that, artists made statements, with certain notable exceptions, for private consumption. But in this century they have been bombarding the world with manifestoes, prefaces, interviews, lectures, autobiographies and even reviews of exhibitions, not to mention novels with artist heroes, all designed to communicate their intentions and methods, their views about art at large and about life, and their ideas as to how they've been misrepresented by the critics, hostile and friendly. The prime motivation for all this had been, of course, their feeling that the public is incapable of getting the message from their work alone because this is too advanced or elusive. By the same token, Michelangelo, who of all the old masters had the strongest sense of the individuality of his genius, was also the one who did most to ensure that his views about art should be accurately publicised. It must be said, by the way, that the implied lack of confidence in the public, on the part of both Michelangelo and the moderns, is not a persecutory delusion.

But it isn't only this rift between the artist and his audience that has set him on his soapbox. He has also been encouraged by the way in which his work reaches its audience now. Poets were given to announcing their intentions publicly long before the Romantic Movement and the ensuing breakdown in communication. But they didn't have to go out of their way to do so: all they had to do was to transform the preface to a book from the traditional dedication into a theoretical apologia; moreover, they could also write poems about writing. The artists had no such platform available so long as they were fulfilling commissions or sending in to *Salons*. They got its equivalent with the rise of the one-man show and the group exhibition, the counterparts of publication, of book and little review respectively. So it is that the catalogue preface has been a classic form of artist's manifesto.

At the same time as the artists were beginning to make a habit of publishing statements, writers on the art of the past were just beginning to take account of any recorded statements of the masters as a means to interpreting their work, rather than relying entirely on their own intuition in the face of the work. A regard for the artist's word became linked with the growth of art historiography as a serious discipline, and this seems to have conferred a prestige on statements made by contemporary artists. No longer do they have to thrust their statements upon an indifferent world: they are earnestly wooed by editors, publishers, catalogue compilers, TV producers, gossip columnists, to say their piece on how it's done and why. And this is not simply a consequence of the wider acceptance of modern art, for the statements seem to arouse more interest than the art itself.

If, indeed, art criticism were a properly organised, unionised, trade, the critics would have been up in arms by now in protest against this tendency to go straight to the horse's mouth, for in art books and exhibition catalogues alike the artist's statement has been displacing the critic's defence. Interested party though I am, I have to say that this is a dangerous tendency. An artist's attitude can be conveyed more fully and accurately in a summary by someone who knows him, even allowing for subjective bias in interpretation, than it can in a few of his own sentences abstracted from everything he has written or said, or, worse still, in his answers to some questionnaire which states issues in terms that would never occur to him.

Again, an artist's statement can be more misleading than illuminating if we don't know which of his pictures he was working on at the moment he made it. It only becomes useful if seen in relation to the current direction of his work. For it never sums up his work as a whole, it reflects—if it's authentic—his immediate conscious preoccupations, which may run counter to the general trend of his work; it says what he would like to do rather than what he knows he is capable of doing, since he takes this for granted too much to talk about it. And beyond this objection, that artists' statements are rarely *central* to their work, simply because the work is their own, there is the likelihood that artists do not always manage to say precisely what they mean, and also the likelihood that they do not always try to say what they think.

It is only quite recently that the cult of the artist's statement has started to become as powerful here as it has long been in America and on the Continent. The quarterly review *X*, founded in 1959 (Volume I has now been published in book form*), has in each of its issues contained a usually lengthy, always romantic, statement by a young artist. *The London Magazine*† devoted its July number to current painting and included statements by a number of artists about the current 'predicament'. A new broadsheet, *Gazette*, edited by a critic, a typographer and a painter-sculptor, spent its first number entirely on articles by, and interviews with, artists. From these several texts there emerges a pair of prototypes, perfectly opposite in character, of the contemporary artist-hero. Certainly, many of the statements don't conform with either pattern, but enough of them do to permit one to say that there are these two clear but different types among our young artists' conceptions of themselves.

The first type is based upon an identification with Cézanne and the ageing Rembrandt, or rather with a Hollywood idea of them. The hero is engaged in an anguished and utterly lonely struggle with the problems of representing reality as it really is, with no concessions to the conventions of Art. A typical statement of this view is Frank Auerbach's in the *London Magazine*:

> I think of painting as something that happens to a man working in a room, alone with his actions, his ideas, and perhaps his model. He is affected by his circumstances, and by the standards and events of his time, but he seems to me to be the sole coherent unit.

Now, of course, a painter has an overwhelming sense of his loneliness and utter dependence on himself while working: his every movement involves a decision, a choice of alternatives, and there is no one who can help him make it. The painter is perhaps the loneliest of all lonely people, since his struggle goes on all day and every day. But that doesn't make him the 'sole coherent unit'. Auerbach himself speaks frequently of how much his own work owes to the parallel activity of his friend Leon Kossoff, and as soon as a man leans on one other man he might as well be leaning on a hundred; he is no longer self-sufficient. And it seems that artists always have had to lean on one another (at any rate until their beards turn white). If the artist is so alone, how is it that there has never, absolutely never, been a great painter or sculptor who has emerged at a time and place where art was not already thriving? To compare Auerbach's half-baked public utterances with the quality of his actual work, which is as intelligent as it is powerful, is to see one of the ways in which the artist as public speaker can deceive – deceive his audience as well as himself.

The alternative hero's habitat, so far from being a cell, is mainstreet. His mystique is expounded in *Gazette*. Robyn Denny writes: 'Public art is closely linked today with urbanism.' Why today? It always was, as much in the times of Greek temples and medieval cathedrals as now. There were exceptions then – temples and churches far from cities which were places of pilgrimage – and their counterparts exist today: Ronchamp is one of them, and it is probably the greatest work of public art of this century. Richard Hamilton, in a plea to artists to explore the possibilities of popular art as a source of inspiration, writes: 'Affirmation propounded as an *avante* [sic] *garde* aesthetic is rare.' In fact, it is almost the opposite. Impressionism constantly celebrated the simple Sunday pleasures of the people. Cubism rejoiced in the circus, the café and the popular song. Surrealism revelled in popular erotic imagery.

To point out how much bad spelling there is in *Gazette* would be the most tiresome form of middle-brow pedantry if it didn't confirm the impression one has in reading Denny and Hamilton, and likewise Auerbach, that artists get their information not from reading books but from conversations in bars. Most of them write, that is to say, with an embarrassing lack of historical perspective. Of course there is no reason why they should know any history – until they begin to theorise. The implication is that artists' statements become useful rather than blushmaking when they are not ambitiously theoretical but simply autobiographical – when they give us information and insight into what goes on in their minds when they are working, into their habits and methods of working and into their whole personal background.

*Edited by DAVID WRIGHT and PATRICK SWIFT. *Barrie & Rockliff*. 32*s*. 6*d*.

†The first issues of the *London Magazine* under its new editor, ALAN ROSS, have also been issued in book form, at 21*s*.

Biedermann

ROGER GELLERT

We have waited a long time to see a play by Max Frisch in London, and it proves well worth the waiting for. Frisch, a brilliant novelist who is often (not unreasonably) bracketed with his friend and fellow-Switzer, Dürrenmatt, shares the latter's knack of building up proposterous yet seemingly inevitable structures of menace and horror. His latest play, *Andorra,* which has recently opened with resounding success in Zürich, is a particularly Dürrenmattish study in anti-semitism (it could equally well be anti-anything). It shows how nice, ordinary people can drift, with gradual paralysis of the will, into a state of self-delusion in which they will lend themselves to the most ghastly and senseless cruelties.

Self-delusion is also the theme of *The Fire-Raisers,* a tour de force of graveyard humour now to be seen at the Royal Court. The central numbskull is Herr Biedermann, whose very name evokes the plushy middle-class Germany he so plainly stands for. His home town has been alarmed by a plague of mysterious fires: clearly these are arson, but the fire-raisers are still untraced. Herr Biedermann (Alfred Marks) reads the papers, and is as shocked as anyone else. Yet when two patently criminal characters insinuate themselves into his bourgeois home, begging shelter, and establish themselves in his attic, which they fill, without the least attempt at concealment, with petrol-drums, fuses, detonators and cotton waste, Biedermann's panic takes the form of refusing to believe that this can be happening to him. The men never once deny they are the fire-raisers, yet he insists it is just their 'delicious sense of humour', becomes more and more ingratiatingly matey towards them, and in a desperate gesture of friendship invites them to a slap-up supper of roast goose. After the meal the two men have one last request: they ask Biedermann to lend them his matches. 'But surely,' he says helplessly to his wife just before the house explodes, 'if they had been fire-raisers, they'd have had their own matches.'

The parable is masterly – painfully funny, yet this monstrous progression of cowardice and self-deceit is utterly convincing in its own terms. It doesn't just point to the German people and Nazism; there is a Biedermann struggling to get out of most of us every time we open a newspaper. The message is so clear, and so bruisingly reiterated in the action, that the mock-Brecht chorus of firemen, periodically urging vigilance in Mendelssohnian recitatives, is a superfluous underlining, and this was wisely cut from the BBC's broadcast of the play earlier this year. But it is a small masterpiece (given here with a remarkably ham-fisted *Box and Cox* as a curtain-raiser), and Lindsay Anderson has mounted it with gruesome relish against a fine two-storey set (living-room and attic) by Alan Tagg. Alfred Marks is a model Biedermann, the complete, awful, well-nourished businessman who can take a joke with the best and no class-conscious nonsense either. Of the two arsonists, James Booth gives a rather clumsy and tentative performance as the ex-head-waiter, but Coln Blakely as the ex-heavyweight-wrestler, is altogether magnificent.

The Old Vic's *Macbeth,* with Maurice Denham and Maxine Audley as the bloody couple, is a lucid, plodding, visually attractive rendering of a poetic masterpiece which is hard to do very well or very badly. Mr Denham's journey from Much-Binding-in-the-Marsh to Dunsinane has been a steady and impressive one, but though he more than holds his own in this unremarkable production (by Oliver Neville), Macbeth is simply beyond his range. Denham is a striking and forceful character actor, with intelligence, physical assertiveness, verbal *brio*; he lacks mystery, magnetism and those indefinable personal qualities that add up to tragic stature. He excels in scenes of plotting (admirable with the two murderers), gloating and scoffing. Such attributes carried him cock-a-hoop through *King John,* but leave him no more than an adequate Macbeth, vigorous, breathy and a bit shallow. He is perhaps unfortunate in having to play against Robert Eddison, immeasurably the best Banquo I have seen, giving a performance of such relaxed and intricate strength that he wrests the focus away from Macbeth in nearly all their scenes together. Eddison has seemed in the past a hard actor to fit in; he has sometimes lacked confidence, and because he is tall and melancholy of voice he has tended to be cast as secondary grotesques and eccentrics (though he did a fascinating Hamlet ten or so years ago). Oddly enough, the only other person in this production who simply *exists* on the stage, like Eddison, is Master Jonathan Collins as Young Macduff: assured, unactorish, alert. The play is extremely well set and costumed by Michael Annals, who confirms the promise of *Faustus* with a fine machine for acting in: ribbed, shelved and looping, like shuffled elements of a Viking galley, backed by a vortex of vapours and a watery moon, it gave every possible help. The thanes were elegantly tough, not too much like highland cattle, and the coronation and banquet scenes blazed into a sudden fury of crimson and vermilion.

The Mermaid has revived its successful *Treasure Island* (a useful primer in divided loyalties), and a good time is once more being had on poop, fo'c's'le and rigging, with rowboats skimming round the revolve and bullets crackling through the stockade. Long John Silver, a part which suited Bernard Miles to a T, is now taken by John Woodvine, an actor of greater scope and power who nevertheless contents himself with a neatly mimicked carbon copy of the Master. The new Jim Hawkins is Sean Scully, a bright-eyed squirrel of a boy who spits delightfully; but again I preferred the previous incumbent, John Hall, a dreamier, more sophisticated hero who suggested inner resources, even if they were more those of young Rimbaud on his *bateau ivre* than Hawkins on the Hispaniola. The joy of this production, however, is the Ben Gunn of Spike Milligan, who looks and acts like the charming grizzled grandpa of the lion in *Androcles.* Milligan clowns the part with more control than I had expected, and his huge, saintly, Dostoievskian eyes glare through the tangled mane with extraordinary sweetness. What a bit of luck that the boy's name should be Jim!

At the Scala, *Peter Pan* flies again in the lithe person of Anne Heywood, with John Gregson as Hook; but I can't help feeling that this is one of our national institutions which should now be quietly put to sleep, like an old and smelly dog, at least until it is out of copyright and can be radically adapted to the needs of modern youth and common decency. I had forgotten just how sickening was this hymn to perpetual, mother-fixated youth, and how dramatically inept too. Barrie throws away his few good ideas, such as the upsetting moment when, at jealous Tinker Bell's instigation, Wendy is shot down, albatross-like, as she approaches Never Never Land. The flying tricks, of course, can't fail, and nor can the pantomime routine with the crocodile; but in spite of angelic Jane Asher (Wendy) and a nice, rough pack of Lost Boys, the evening remains rather a malodorous mess.

For younger children, Caryl Jenner's English Theatre for Children presents *The Circus Adventure,* by J. A. Brown, at the Arts. There is no fumbling in this piece, written from practical experience of what children want in the theatre. Its settings are a picturesque junk-shop and a resplendent circus tent, and the plot concerns the attempts of a rascally (but stupid) ringmaster to enslave a large and handsome Talking Cat. He is followed by his assistant, the young clown Pinky, and by the decent but cowardly youth Lancelot, who at last pulls his socks up and wins the hand of a beautiful Flower-Girl. The children's response to the play was rapt and joyful. It had plenty of slapstick, issues they cared about and people they could identify with. Miss Jenner's organisation has been trying over the past few years, with ever-increasing success and ever-diminishing grants, to give a special kind of touring professional service to children all over the country, with the ultimate aim of setting up a Children's Theatre in London as a showpiece and base for all future tours. In the telly age, children are hardly aware of the stage any more, and the theatre's only real hope for the future is to keep the experience of live plays before the children. This seems self-evident; yet the Arts Council say it is not their policy to assist such schemes, and the Ministry of Education has no funds available.

Perséphone Ravie

DAVID DREW

One of Stravinsky's major works, the melodrama *Perséphone,* has at last reached the British stage – after 27 years. Yet the production by The Royal Ballet, with Frederick Ashton's choreography, has attracted little attention in musical circles. The conclusion is obvious. Ballet today is in music's bad books; and with good reason.

After hearing and seeing the Royal Ballet's *Perséphone,* one's first instinct is to hurry home and learn the score all over again. What is strong has become weak, what is balanced has become unbalanced. The eye deceives the ear. To take a simple instance: in the second part, after the chorus's '*Parle nous, Perséphone*',

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there is an orchestral passage whose dissonant progression is wonderfully resolved on open fifth D-A, as the chorus sing '*Pluton*'. This is an important punctuation mark, but Ashton makes it sound like an initial motive by using it as the cue for Pluto's entry. The timing is only fractionally wrong, but it destroys the whole musical sense of the event.

There is a much larger formal error at the start – or what should be the start – of the second part. Ashton treats the orchestral introduction up to the double bar and the fermata on the oboe's D sharp as a coda to the *first* part! The succeeding march is then played, quite senselessly, as a kind of entr'acte, with the curtain down. The extra-musical excuse for bringing the curtain down at this point would be laughable if it were not so hideous. The first part of the work is entitled '*Perséphone Ravie*', and in this fake orchestral coda, which should be the overture to the second part, Ashton's Pluto – poor dog – suits his action to the word, and flinging Perséphone to the ground, leaps upon her. Curtain. *Perséphone ravie* indeed.

The complete inability to comprehend in visual terms the kind of mobile immobility with which Stravinsky characterises the Shades at the beginning of the Underworld scene is typical of the whole production. It is basically and ruinously unrhythmic. Dotted rhythms and syncopations provoke jazz movements on the stage, though the music and the sense resolutely forbids it. The *corps de ballet* are made to clap in time to the crucial rhythm which follows the chorus's '*il est temps*' in the third part, but of course they are too busy to count properly, so the music is obscured by a random fusillade of claps such as usually greets a rather poor joke by the Prime Minister at a Guildhall dinner.

Three months ago I witnessed the Santa Fé Opera Company's production of *Perséphone* in Berlin. At that time it seemed an amateurish if sincere tribute to a great work. But now, after seeing the Royal Ballet's production, I must revise my opinion. The Santa Fé company was at least within loving sight of the work. But the Royal Ballet is further from it than the Covent Garden fruit-market is from Betelgeuse. There is a kind of pretentious aestheticism – horribly sustained by the sets at Covent Garden – which in the end is cruder than any more obvious technical crudity.

Post-Pantomime

JOHN GROSS

With pantomime as good as dead, stage-versions of children's classics aren't altogether an effective substitute: they're usually too high-toned, for one thing, without much scope for spectacle or slapstick. And the illustrators have done their work too well – memories of a Tenniel or even an Ernest Shepard can get in the way. Still, the two hardy annuals which I saw this week were plainly flourishing. Toby Robertson's production of *Alice Through the Looking-glass* (Lyric, Hammersmith) sets out to charm, with a fair degree of success, but Carroll's nonsense is too tough to be reduced to a dainty harlequinade. The time-and-motion riddles tend to drag on the stage, and had to be cut down, but the eerie business about Alice not waking the Red King because she's 'only a sort of thing' in his dream was retained. Lucinda Curtis as Alice looks the part, but needs to be more prim and self-possessed – and more audible. The Red and White Queens, on the other hand, were splendid, especially Moyra Fraser's hair-raising scarlet governess. But the honours of the day went to Edgar Wreford, doubling as an impenetrable Humpty-Dumpty and a magnificent White Knight: his wistful rendering of 'A-Sitting on a Gate' hit just the right note. 'The Walrus and the Carpenter' was less successful – why a female Carpenter? And why incorporate the Eton Boating-Song in the score? Carroll would have been cross.

Alice is indestructible, but Kenneth Grahame's slight, shimmering fantasy can't survive its passage to the theatre as *Toad of Toad Hall* (Saville, afternoons only). The subtleties are ironed out, the Wild Wood loses its terrors, and we're left with something as bold and flat as a cartoon. In the book the inheritance of Toad Hall is seriously at stake (rather like a juvenile Howard's End), and Toad is a dubious character, letting the side down with his antics; but on stage, as A. A. Milne realised when he made his crude but shrewd adaptation, he must be much more of a hero, all set for an unashamed Edwardian guzzle. Jeremy Geidt can't manage the sublime egoism, but he catches the crafty side of the character very well, and poop-poops admirably. He was at his best in the trial scene (far more Milne than Grahame, and usually weak): a Wilde in the dock, sacrificing everything for the sake of a laugh, egged on by a highly convincing Judge and a particularly *louche* Chief Weasel. But the show was stolen, predictably, by Richard Goolden; by now he must be the most distinguished old Mole since Shakespeare played the Ghost in *Hamlet*.

Dutch Exteriors

JOHN COLEMAN

Lola's back in town, after figuring as the inaugural film of the London festival a couple of months ago. A first feature film, by Jacques Demy, it weaves an echoing series of amorous encounters around a night-club girl (Anouk Aimée) in Nantes. The result is funny and appealing enough in places, but a self-conscious, literary tricksiness leaves the people involved twitching like marionettes: phrases recur, situations run aimlessly parallel, and a fictional island seen in a film by the wet young hero becomes a reality when Lola's long-lost husband turns up at the end and recounts his adventures. In its odd, allusive way, it tends to give the sense of there being a joke round the corner one hasn't quite caught up with. In fact, such a final, explanatory joke isn't there, just a fizzing string of little ones.

In the same programme is another first film, unhappily titled *Doctor in the Village*, by the Dutch director, Fons Rademakers, whose third, *The Knife*, recently came into London. *Doctor in the Village* has nothing to do with those skull-and-scanties comedies that keep our home film industry afloat: it's a quite original, episodic story centring on the harsh, heroic local doctor of a small Dutch community at the turn of the century. Ingmar Bergman is said to have praised it and one can see why. Apart from some fine sky-line profiles, it also deals in hanged men's lolling tongues, tipsy wakes over open coffins, an old diseased lady who sits with a handkerchief covering her face, and a yelling, sweating child-birth. There is so much macabre relish in its early sequences, which are amazingly well directed, that the whole cluster of anecdotes nearly falls into self-parody. But these stresses are somewhat relieved and interest shifts to the doctor's circumstances: his sons' lives, his wife's death, his last intransigence. On the evidence of the two films of his we have seen so far, Mr Radermakers seems to me to be a very interesting director indeed. He makes poet's connections and exhibits a poetic sense of time, by which I mean his images are elliptic and lingering by turns: the wife's death is hinted, happens, all this in a minute or so of film; the camera then rests on a boy's face, waking to strange noises at night, for far longer – and with complete, revealing propriety. But what strange passions move behind those stolid Dutch exteriors.

Thunder of Drums (Ritz) brings the Western cycle full circle: Indians are bad again. Joseph Newman has directed this tale of a lonely garrison *c.* 1870 with great freshness, almost as if he believed in it. The sociology, as it were, of women-deprived soldiery is touched in – compositions of drunken, pay-day bodies – and the expeditions and fights are widely and handsomely photographed. Even the dialogue has its stark, probable moments: pre-marital pregnancy is referred to, early on, just as it might have been in life. That this should register as invigoratingly truthful shows what we are used to in the conventional old cinema, especially in the conventional old cinema Western. George Hamilton plays the rakish young West Pointer with charm, Richard Boone is fine as the tough captain, and it is only the script in the end that lets down a mass of well-directed talent into a bog of treacly unlikely decencies. *Babes in Toyland* (Studio One) almost lost me in the first half-hour with its remorseless pursuit of highly-coloured vulgarity; Mother Goose and her quacking friend, heady little doubleted dancers on the village square. Then it is suddenly blessed with Ed Wynn, to whose pathos I inevitably succumb, as a Toymaker and there is a magnificent (I use the word advisedly) tract of battle with toy soldiers, diminished humans, and all the trick camera-work in the world. Nothing is more frightening than angle-shots of mechanical wooden marchers. Children will probably sleep through the initial slop and songs, anyway.

Pieces of Kitsch

CLANCY SIGAL

A suggestion to the BBC's documentary division: since the issue of education is now being gradually forced into the open, and will soon be as respectable to discuss, and crusade about, as unemployment was in the Thirties, would it not be both wise and profitable to launch a series of factual documentaries on the various educational philosophies to be found in Britain – ranging from the public schools (an explanation, not an advertisement like the recent ITV programme) to A. S. Neill? It should not be attempted at all, however, unless there is a frank owning up to the snake-pit aspects of the usual (not the exceptional) Secondary Modern and an open-hearted admission of the prospects of the Comprehensive school. Which means that the matter, and consequences, of social class will not only have to be touched upon but be dragged bodily to the centre of the stage. Nevertheless the BBC should grin and do it. Sooner them than ITV, which is bound to jump on the bandwagon.

Meanwhile, kitsch-as-kitsch can. If he can remain relatively undrugged, the student of TV captures his toll of exotic butterflies.

Here are a few of mine from late weeks...

Truman Capote's justification, on *Tempo*, of Norman Mailer's description of him as a 'ballsy little guy'. Someone had the grim and tasteless idea of interviewing Capote amidst a Tennessee Williams setting of sub-tropical flora, but Capote, mannerisms and all, came through in a way that ought to have humbled everyone concerned. His ideas on documentary literature were serious, thoughtful, sweetly rendered.

The recent *This Is Your Life* on Derek Dooley, late of Sheffield Wednesday, which featured three one-legged men including the subject, the broken leg of the subject's wife and six deaf-and-dumb football players. This series has gone well beyond bad taste to the boundaries of dream-like, Nathaniel West humour. The best sick joke of them all.

That latest jumble of late-night RKO movies starring Jane Russell, the best unconscious comedies of the season. After accidentally seeing the first, wild horses couldn't have dragged me away. Far the most enjoyable was *Her Kind of Man*, with Robert Mitchum as the gambler and Vincent Price as the demoralised movie-actor who shoots it out with the Lucky Luciano figure. Half-way through, the story entirely collapsed and a mad, Marx brothers fantasy, in all its logic and perfection, was unrolled for our benefit. At the height of the shootings and sluggings, Jane Russell entered Robert Mitchum's room at midnight to find him peacefully steam-ironing out ten-dollar bills.

Questioned at the railway terminus on the eve of the Commons debate on the Immigration Bill, an elderly and gallant West Indian gentleman said to his interviewer who wanted to know his reasons for departure, 'I want to keep Britain white'.

The unremitting Brooklyn accent of virtually all the cowboys on virtually all the Western TV shows on both channels, with the exception of Sheb Wooley who looks and talks like the only cowboys I ever knew. When I spoke a fortnight ago about the galloping Jewishness of the dramatic arts in America, by the way, I exempted, at least in my own mind, the sacrosanct Western. It was not to be. On the most recent edition of *Rawhide*, Shelley Berman played a Dutch-Jewish peddler who beats up the villain and wins the hearts of both trail-riders and Indians. One unforgettable shot: the drovers and Berman, feet up on the brass rail of the saloon, drinking down with fraternal cries of *'Mazultov!'*

Week-end Competition

No. 1,662 Set by Hilary Rubinstein

Competitors are invited to submit an extract (limit 150 words) from a newspaper series entitled *The Seven Deadly Virtues* by one of the following authors: Angus Wilson, Edith Sitwell, Cyril Connolly, W. H. Auden, Patrick Leigh-Fermor, Christopher Sykes, Evelyn Waugh. Entries by 9 January.

Result of 1,659 Set by Norman MacKenzie

The usual prizes for the Ten New Commandments.

Report

Few entries achieved the sardonic pitch one finds in the 'Uncombed Thoughts' of the Polish satirist Lec ('Do not cry out for help in the night: you may disturb your neighbours'). The emphasis was largely insular – or Anglo-American – and topical. CND sentiments abounded: 'I am the Lord thy Bomb'. Standard themes continually emerged: neighbours' wives, the Joneses – adultery and the casting off of inhibitions ironically enjoined. In the midst of all the ironies one or two entries touchingly offered Decalogues full of sincere admonitions: 'Do not adultery commit, advantage rarely comes of it'. Some hope, said the rest. Two guineas each to the entries printed.

Thou shalt believe what the papers say.
Thou shalt believe in the ultimate deterrent.
Thou shalt support civil defence lest the ultimate deterrent does not deter.
Thou shalt choose to be radio-active rather than red.
Thou shalt believe that any colour bar in Britain is a matter of economic necessity.
Thou shalt believe that all British children have equal educational opportunities.
Thou shalt believe in UNO – with reservations.
Thou shalt believe that Britain is a true democracy.
Thou shalt believe in NATO and that Turkey and Greece border the North Atlantic.
Thou shalt also believe in Santa Claus and fairies at the bottom of your garden.

P. W. R. Foot

Thou shalt have no other gods but Mammon.
Thou shalt revere the domestic animal, especially the dog; thou shalt make a fool of thyself over him, and serve him.
Thou shalt not negotiate with thy neighbour, save on patently unacceptable terms, lest thou be charged with appeasement.
Remember the Woman's Magazine, to keep it going. Six intelligent papers shalt thou kill, and sink their identity. But the Woman's Magazine is the one with the highest circulation.
Honour thy Hire Purchase Agreements, that thy days may be long in the land of Never Never.
Thou shalt not kill (especially not policemen, or in the course of robbery, or with a gun), except as ordered by thy government.
Thou shalt not commit adultery, except insofar as it be necessary to obtain a collusive divorce.
Thou shalt not take away the profits of them that become rich with the minimum of labour, for the Lloyd will not hold him guiltless that taketh away profits before the wage-earner has been thoroughly milked.
Thou shalt not satisfy thy carnal lusts other than in private with a member of the opposite sex, that the appearance of British morality may be maintained.
Thou shalt covet thy neighbour's status symbols, if thou desirest to get anywhere in the rat race.

D. R. Peddy

Thou shalt not blaspheme against thy God and the Establishment.
Thou shalt not suffer thyself to be homeless in the Metropolis lest thou strikest confusion within the ranks of the London County Council.
Thou shalt not be a West Indian immigrant to Britain.
Remember the Pink Zone, to keep it holy.
Honour the Pay Pause and it shall come to pass that ye shall eat in plenty and be satisfied.
Thou shalt not be a homosexual.
Thou shalt not murder; and even when thou goest forth to thermonuclear battle against thine enemies takest thou not more than 250 million lives.
Thou shalt not serve Logical Positivism, a false God, whose words are empty and devoid of meaning.
Thou shalt not hearken unto the voice of the Committee of 100.
Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's expense account; for his wealth will surely keep him from the Kingdom of Heaven.

J. Davis

Science Notebook

NIGEL CALDER

At long last the genetic code is being cracked. Scientists are now beginning to read the chemical hieroglyphics whereby hereditary instructions are communicated. In particular, M. W. Nirenberg and J. H. Matthaei of the National Institute of Health, Bethesda, Maryland, have found a technique which appears to split the problem wide open. If it continues to provide the means of understanding how the genes make the individual – in the most detailed chemical terms – it is the discovery of the year, if not of the century. It is enshrined in a paper in the *Proceedings* of the US National Academy of Sciences under an unpromising title: 'Dependence of cell-free protein synthesis in *E.coli* upon naturally occurring or synthetic polynucleotides.'

The hereditary instructions which make us man or mouse, make me myself rather than you, and provide the blueprints for the complex mechanism of a living organism, go from parent to child and from cell to cell within the individual on microscopic scrolls, the chromosomes. The chromosomes are little bits of string within the nucleus of the living cell, and they embody the genes. The key chemical present in the chromosomes is DNA, composed of molecules like twisted threads. Along the length of each molecule is strung a sequence of chemical sub-units.

There are four types of sub-units, which we

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can call *a, b, c* and *d*; they are the letters of the biological alphabet, and there is written along the DNA chain a cryptic message, according to the sequence of these sub-units. One extract might be: . . . *bdacaabbd* . . . The four-letter alphabet and the appearance of the genetic code is already well known and the letters can be recognised: they are in fact four chemicals known as adenine, guanine, cytosine and thymine.

The way to control a living process is by making proteins. Proteins are not only the structural members of tissue; they also include the enzymes – the chemical spanners, wrenches, jemmies and assembly jigs which carry out predetermined break-down and build-up work within the living organism. Make the right enzymes and the processes intended in the genetic instructions will occur.

Protein manufacture is carried out in a multitude of little workshops within the living cell. There, chemical units called amino acids are strung together into the long protein chains. There are some 20 different amino acids involved and, according to how they are arranged in sequence, different proteins with enormously or subtly different properties can be made. A slight error in a protein – say in the haemoglobin of the blood – can kill a foetus or make a man sickly for life.

Now we come to the nub of the business. The genetic instructions are blueprints for proteins. The code says, 'and next we want *this* kind of amino-acid, *there*'. Somehow the four letters of the genetic code embodied in the DNA molecule must spell out the code-names for the 20 different kinds of amino acids and show where each amino acid is to go in the protein chain.

However, the protein workshops are not in the same place in the cell as the genetic library; the instructions have to be conveyed to them from the DNA by a go-between, called messenger RNA. That is a chemical rather like the DNA itself; a slight complication is that one of the four letters which it uses is different – DNA uses thymine, RNA uses uracil.

After this long preamble (and it is only a fraction of the full story) let me get to the point and say how Nirenberg and Matthaei have begun to read the code. They extract from bacteria called *E.coli* the protein workshops, so that they can arrange to have the basic chemical requirements for making proteins. They then introduce artificial messenger RNA, which they have made themselves using only one of the available letters. Lo! the system makes a protein composed of only one amino acid.

Thus they discover that an artificial messenger containing only the letter 'uracil' spells 'amino acid phenylalanine'. That is the first word of the code to be read. A second: the repetition of the letter 'cytosine' means 'amino acid proline'. For other amino acids, combinations of letters will be required. But the first decisive step has been taken; and it is time to ponder the consequences when men achieve mastery over genetic processes.

The understanding which will come with knowledge of how the genetic instructions are written may conceivably be of decisive importance in such diseases as cancer and congenital malformation. It is also a happy coincidence that the techniques should be to hand for getting straight to the bottom of any life found on Mars, and comparing its chemical organisation with ours. But the big question, of course, concerns the biological mutants and artifacts which will surely come – though how and when one can only guess.

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City Lights

TAURUS

The last message to be issued from the Treasury before Christmas was that industrial production, seasonally corrected, had fallen by another couple of points in October, making a total fall in the three months following the July measures of nearly five per cent. The Treasury, to be fair, was not at all happy about this Christmas message: it kept it back for several days while the statisticians rechecked their calculations, and it still seems to believe that there must be something wrong with its figures. But the City, which is not particularly interested in arguing about the accuracy of decimal places in an index which is already two months old, is quite prepared to accept the validity of the trend. Output is falling while employment remains at a near-record level and wage rates are rising, and while other costs, particularly the cost of depreciation on new capital equipment, are rising fast. The pressure on profit margins which has been the main feature of most recent company reports is still increasing. It is not surprising that the investment boom shows every sign of tailing off fast.

Mr Lloyd can scarcely have enjoyed his holiday. He made great play in July of the antithesis between short-term restrictions (old-style, necessary but negative) and long-term policies (new-style, Lloyd-like and purposive). But the short-term restrictions have depressed output while scarcely affecting employment, and the long-term policies are still the vague, private mirage which they were in July. The poor man is now seeing the practical results of his own vagueness – his muddle-mindedness not only between the planning of investment and the planning of incomes but between Selwyn the iron chancellor and Selwyn the preacher of sweet reasonableness. The TUC, his match in muddle-minded earnestness, is still trying to decide whether or not to back NED, the beast which plans: every hint of the stick frightens them off, every hint of a carrot sets the Tory backbenchers howling. So here we are, going into 1962 with production falling, prices rising, labour thoroughly discontented, and the trade accounts still in the red. The government's short-term policy now is to cross fingers and hope for a boom in world trade and a rise in other people's production costs; its long-term policy is still to sign the Treaty of Rome. This is the sort of thing which is almost bound to happen when you entrust responsibility for affairs to somebody who believes that common sense is bound to win in the end and that everything he thinks is common sense.

★ ★ ★

Bids have come back into fashion with a bang. The latest is a joint bid for Fairey – a bid, it seems, which the directors of Fairey will fight off if they can – from two of its few remaining partners in the aircraft industry, Bristol and Westland. Fairey, of course, is no longer in the aircraft manufacturing industry proper, having sold this side of its business off to Westland last year when Mr Sandys was pressing gently for rationalisation. It is now a collection of interests – engineering, boat-building, life-saving equipment – together with a Belgian affiliate which is getting its share of Nato orders, and large aerial survey and aircraft repair divisions. The two bidders are themselves a miscellaneous pair. Westland (which took over Fairey Aviation, Saunders-

Roe and Bristol's helicopter interests in last year's reshuffle) has a solid base in helicopters and hovercraft, but it also has a finger in guided missiles and life-saving equipment; Bristol (having sold its helicopters to Westland, merged its engine division with Hawker-Siddeley and thrown its aircraft with English Electric and Vickers into the British Aircraft Corporation) is now little more than a specialised investment trust. There are various ways in which Fairey could be useful to the two, but the main attraction seems to be the company's recent record of poor earnings and the fact that its shares are quoted in the market at a price much below the value of the assets they represent. The bid is attractive enough in terms of market price, even when this had risen sharply in advance of the announcement; but it should not be beyond the wit of Fairey's financial advisers either to block it or get it improved.

★ ★ ★

Anglo-American finance is a two-way business nowadays. One way was Arusha, an industrial holding company which ran into difficulties and passed into the hands of the company doctors; the ex-chairman promised to raise a loan and finally managed to do so, on condition that he was given back his chair, from a US company. The shares have been rising recently, and the explanation is that one of Mr Harley Drayton's finance companies is to take over from the US and release the chairman from his guarantee to preside over Arusha's affairs. One of the advantages noted in the change is that the company would be freed from the disadvantage which an obligation to repay in dollars might prove to be in the event of devaluation.

The other way is property. British companies, notably the Philip Hill group, have been increasing their interest in North American property for some time past. Now Philip Hill, with the 2nd Covent Garden Trust which it runs, is helping with the refinancing of Webb & Knapp of New York, a property group, controlled by a Mr Zeckendorf, which is both one of the main developers in the US and acutely short of cash. Philip Hill is putting up £6¾m, which will give it a sizeable holding in Webb & Knapp and an equal share in a new company, Zeckendorf Properties, which is to take over 13 development projects with a gross book value of $125m. This is excellent business, if we were sufficiently used to a large payments surplus to think about spending it in purely business terms.

★ ★ ★

The City's system of local government, one of the glories of the British Travel and Holidays Association, is beginning to crack. Last week the first election ever was fought on party lines; the Labour candidate – a woman, to make it worse – polled the same number of votes as the sitting member and lost only to the Lord Mayor's casting vote.

Company News

British Oxygen, whose shares are little over half of their top price for the year, has reported sales up by 4½ per cent and profits before tax down by 9½ per cent – the dividend is as expected.

Montague Burton has reported not only a decent increase in profit but a revaluation of properties which has thrown up a tremendous surplus over book values and made possible a three-for-one scrip issue: the group seems to be thinking seriously about the possibility of selling cheap made-to-measures in Europe.

The Chess Board

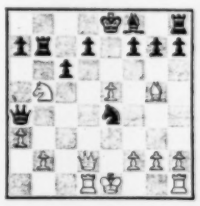
No. 633. Casting Pearls

No offence intended, for who are we to contradict so great a connoisseur as Paul Keres! It was indeed, he who called the combination I am about to present, 'a veritable pearl'; it happened earlier this year, at Torremolinos where the Spanish master Perez reaped glorious triumph on his homeground. White against grandmaster Naidorf he had reached this do-or-die position. /7r/6Q1/pB1p1R2/3k3q/1p6/1P6/P1r5/1Kt4K1/. Note how White's choice of doing or dying depends on the Black Rook at c2 thwarting the White Queen's most desirable sorties at g2 and b7 respectively. Hence, the opening shot of this magnificent combination seems fairly obvious. 1) Ktc3†!! forces . . Rc3: for if Black retook with the pawn, Qb7† would lead to speedy mate; now, after 2) Qg2†, Ke5; comes the real point of the combination, 3) Bd4†!!, and thereafter it just runs like clockwork. . . . Kd4:; 4) Qd2†!, Rd3 (best); 5) Qb4†, Ke5; 6) Qf4†, Kd5; 7) Qd6†, Ke4; 8) Qf4†, Kd5; 9) Qc4†, Ke5; 10) Qe6†, Kd4; 11) Rf4†, Kc3; 12) Qe1†, Kb2; 13) Rf2†, Ka3; and now the *coup de grace* 14) Qc7†!

Now here (Lerch-Nievergelt 1955) is a game I happened to come across the other day; this too is remarkable for an uncommonly brilliant combination as well as for the surprise of triumph blessing the less prominent of the two players.

1) d4,Ktf6; 2) c4,e5; 3) d5,e5; 4) Ktc3,d6; 5) e4,g6; 6) Be2 Bg7; h4,h5; 8) Kt(3,Kta6; 9) Ktg5,Kte7; 10) O-O,a6; 11) f4!,ef:; 12) Bf4:, Ktg4; 13) Bg4:,Bd4† [This gives White a splendid chance splendidly taken]; 14) Qd4:!!,ed:; 15) Ktf7:!, Qh4: Subsequent analysis showed that Black's best chance was to return the Queen at once, but even so he would have had the worst of it]; 16) Ktd6:†,Ke7; 17) Ktc8:†,Kd8 [Better than Rc8: which would have permitted d6† and a quick finish]; 18) Bh3!,dc:; 19) Ktd6,cb: [White has merely the pair of Bishops for the Queen, but what a pair!]; 20) Rab1,Rh7; 21. Be5!,Kte8; 22) Ktf7†!,Rf7:(forced); 23) Rf7:,Qe4:; 24) Rd7†,Kc8; 25) Rd6†,Kc7; 26) Re6†,Kd7; 27) Rb2:,b5; 28) c5!,Qb4; 29) Rbf2,Kd8; 30) Rf8, resigns.

A: Ostropolsky 1949



Finally, one of the most brilliant combinations in the Youth World Championship decided at The Hague a few months ago and won by Bruno Parma, the brilliant young Yugoslavian, with 9 points out of 11; merely ½ point behind came F. Gheorghiu, the 17-year-old Rumanian who (White against the Swede Kinnmark) started the fireworks in this position. /r1b2r1k/2q2pp1/2pb3p/p1kt1KtB2/1pP5/1P5P/PBQ2PP1/3RR1K1/. 1) Rd6:!, Qd6:; 2) Ktf7:†!, Rf7:; 3) Re8†, Qf8 [The lesser evil since after . . . Rf8 the brilliant Qd2!! would have forced the win at once]; 4) Rf8:†, Rf8:; 5) Qd2, Kg8; 6) Qd4! etc. 1) . . Bf5: would have been refuted by 2) Rh6:†!, gh:; 3) Ktf7:† etc.

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which White forced a mate in 3 very neatly. For 6 & 7 ladder-points **B,** a win, and **C,** a draw, are not exactly easy, but not too difficult either. Usual prizes. Entries by 8 January.

B: H. Steniczka 1958: /4R3/4P3/2r1k1B1/1b6/8/4PK2/16/.

C: E. Janosi 1960: /k7/8/1K3p2/1Pp1b2p/2P3P1/5P2/5P2/Kt5kt1/.

REPORT on No. 630. Set 8 December

A: 1) . . . Ktd2†!; 2) Kf4:??, Bf2! etc.

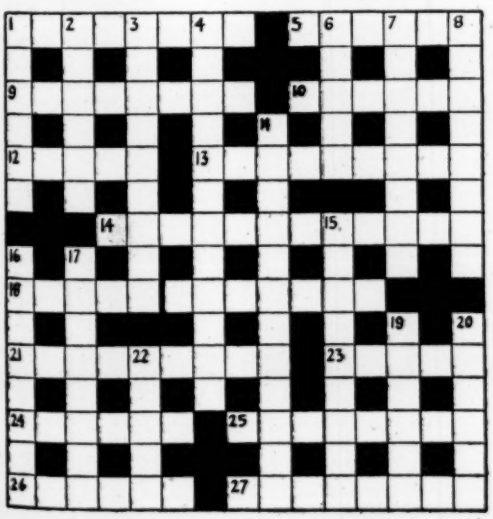
B: 1) a7, b2; 2) a8=Q, b1=Q; 3) Qb7†!, Ke6 (forced); 4) Qe7†, Kd5; 5) Qd6†, Kc4; 6) Qc5†, Kb3; 7) Qc3†, Ka2; 8) Qa3 mate.

C: 1) Qe3†, Kg6; 2) Qe4:†, Kg5; 3) Qe3†, Kg6; 4) Bb5:!†, Qh5:; 5) Qe6†, Kg5; 6) Kg7! etc.
Or 4) . . Kh5:; 5) g4†!, Kg6; 6) Qe6:†, Kg5; 7) Qe3†!, Kg6; 8) Qe7!! etc.

Quite a few correct solutions. Prizes: J. Ansell, J. W. Atkinson, J. P. Ford, M. P. Furmston, J. F. Kahn, W. T. Maccall. *Complying with many requests from overseas, close of entries for International Study Competition extended to 15 May.*

Week-end Crossword 490

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 490, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 9 January.



ACROSS

1. Lock outside relatives for misdemeanour (8).
5. Assistance which is outstanding? (6).
9. Wine given a rude shake up in the crate (8).
10. Right for a batsman (6).
12. Country in difficulties through a national disaster (5).
13. Discrimination in organisation of hit parade (9).
14. The intellectual has to squander her savings (12).
18. A case of mistaken identity in the courts? (5, 7).
21. A male dares change into a female (9).
23. The rogue is finished with part of the church (5).
24. Glossy with a little finish (6).
25. '— smiles upon a second leave' (*Hamlet*) (8).
26. Stranger after a penny for a plant (6).
27. Cross in this place for the town (8).

DOWN

1. Place in which one has to capture duck (6).
2. Protection for the listener (6).
3. Was successful although the parson was in a poor way on the piano (9).
4. Union practice starts a revolution in foodstuffs (12).
6. 'Two of far nobler shape — and tall' (Milton) (5).
7. I printed erroneously but with courage (8).
8. Log-carriers give one a warning of danger in bad visibility (8).
11. Freedom of action leaves a strange trace on a girl (12).
15. Victory for the ballet (9).
16. Covered in water although half rising around foreign waters (8).
17. Former politician holds the East before Edward is granted immunity (8).
19. Place of amusement which gives one a bit of wickedness in company (6).
20. Did some lines when kept in (6).
22. Topped fruit for the cooker (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 488

H	I	G	H	B	R	O	W	■	S	P	A	C
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PRIZEWINNERS TO NO. 488

John Tweed (Cambridge)
Miss L. Leschke (Bristol)
M. Ross (Uttoxeter)

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS cost 6s. 6d. per line (average six words), minimum two lines. Box number 2s. 6d. Prepayment essential. Semi-display giving greater prominence £5 per inch. Copy by Tuesday first post. New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1. Telephone HOLborn 8471.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

UNIVERSITY OF BIRMINGHAM FACULTY OF COMMERCE AND SOCIAL SCIENCE

RESEARCH ASSISTANT. Applications are invited from graduates for work in the fields of economics and commerce. Some knowledge of statistics or mathematics desirable. The appointment may be full-time or part-time and the salary will be according to qualifications and experience within the range £425 to £675.

Applications with the names of not more than two referees to the Clerk to the Faculty of Commerce and Social Science, the University, Birmingham, 15, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

NATIONAL FEDERATION OF PROFESSIONAL WORKERS

POST OF GENERAL SECRETARY

Applications are invited for the post of General Secretary of the National Federation of Professional Workers which will become vacant in June 1962. The salary is £1,250 x £125 – £1,500, with a compulsory contributory Pension Scheme (5% employee; 10% employer). Candidates should be not more than 56 years of age and will be expected to have wide experience of Trade Union affairs at national level. Capacity to prepare memoranda for submission to Government Committees of Enquiry, etc. important.

The post calls for maturity of judgement with the ability to initiate new lines of thought on the problems confronting the non-manual Unions. It provides an opportunity for service in a worthwhile and interesting field of work.

Applications should be addressed to the General Secretary, NFPW, Drayton House, Gordon Street, London, WC1, giving particulars of age and experience. The closing date for receipt of applications is 15 January 1962.

ADMINISTRATIVE COUNTY OF WILTS

Applications are invited from suitably qualified women for the post of Child Care Officer centred on one of the Area Offices at Trowbridge, Salisbury and Swindon. The post entails undertaking a cross section of child care responsibilities in an area including both rural and urban districts.

Salary within the scale £665-£975 according to qualifications and experience with a minimum salary of £820 per annum for persons holding the appropriate full professional qualifications. A County car and/or travelling allowances on the appropriate scale will be paid. Five day working week.

Application forms and full details from the Clerk of the County Council, County Hall, Trowbridge, returnable as soon as possible.

ESSEX COUNTY COUNCIL

Applications invited from women for undermentioned appointments at Training Centre for the mentally handicapped to be opened shortly in Harlow:

(a) Supervisor, Salary not exceeding £835 (£765 if unqualified).
(b) Assistant Supervisor, Salary not exceeding £615 (£545 if unqualified).
(c) Assistant, Salary not exceeding £440.

With regard to posts (a) and (b) preference given to candidates possessing Diploma of National Association for Mental Health who have had experience in management of backward children. Candidates for post (c) should be aged between 18 and 35 and be prepared to assist Supervisor in instructional duties and to attend to the physical needs of the children. Successful candidates may be given the opportunity of taking a full-time course of training for teachers of the mentally handicapped.

Further information and application forms from County Medical Officer of Health, County Hall, Chelmsford, returnable by 11 January 1962.

ST MARY'S MOTHERCRAFT TRAINING CENTRE, 10 WESTFIELD PLACE, DUNDEE

FIRST ASSISTANT (resident) with social science qualification required for small rehabilitation centre accommodating five families. Three resident trained staff, good part-time help. Opportunities for constructive casework. Salary £500-£600 less emoluments.

Applications with names of two referees to the Secretary.

ESSEX COUNTY COUNCIL

Applications invited from women possessing sympathy and intelligence and who are interested in working with mentally handicapped children and adults for appointment as Assistant Supervisors at the Basildon or Thurrock Junior Training Centres. Candidates should be aged between 18 and 35 and preference will be given to those possessing Diploma of National Association for Mental Health or other suitable qualification. Salary not exceeding £615 (£545 if unqualified). The work is both demanding and rewarding and successful candidates may be given the opportunity of taking a full-time course of training for teachers of the mentally handicapped.

Application form and further particulars from County Medical Officer of Health, County Hall, Chelmsford, returnable by 11 January 1962.

MIDDLESEX County Council. Education Dept. Part-time Psychotherapist for 5 sessions p. wk reqd at Edmonton & Enfield Child Guidance Centre, 'Garvary', Dryden Rd, Bush Hill Park, Enfield, Middx. Honours degree in Psychology with recognised post graduate training & or equivalent experience in child therapy. Fee 55s. 6d. per session. Application forms (s.a.e.) from Chief Education Officer, (Ref. GP), 10 Gt George Street, SW1, returnable by 31 January (Quote J 196 NSN).

CITY OF BATH EDUCATION COMMITTEE

Bath Academy of Art, Corsham, Wiltshire

Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Catering Superintendent, which is to be filled as soon as possible. Applicants should be trained and experienced in Institutional Management. Salary £555 x 20 to £625 per annum, less £110 for board and residence. Particulars and application forms from the Principal at the above address.

H. W. Brand, Director of Education.

AMERICA

Mrs James Davis (ACCS), Principal
THE OVERSEAS STAFF AGENCY, RICKMANSWORTH AND SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

is available at her office here to discuss suitable child care and secretarial vacancies.

ITALY - posts as mother's helps and au pairs.

Please write to 45 Church Street, Rickmansworth, for an appointment.

REQD mid-Jan. general junior studio assistant for designer's office. Art training essential. Lucienne Day, FLA. 1455.

LONDON CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY LIMITED

54 Maryland Street, London, E15

MANAGERIAL TRAINEES

The Directors of the London Co-operative Society Ltd are appointing a number of Managerial Trainees, and invite applications from suitably qualified persons (GCE in six subjects, or equivalent) who desire an exciting management career in retail distribution primarily associated with Departmental Stores. Applicants should indicate the activities in which they have participated showing potential qualities of leadership.

The London Co-operative Society is primarily concerned with retail distribution and is the largest Retail Co-operative Society in the world. It has an annual turnover of £58,000,000 and is presently engaged in an extensive modernisation and development programme.

Successful applicants will be expected to work hard. Those who are ambitious and have the will to succeed can look forward to appointments in senior positions in Department Stores with excellent opportunities for eventual executive appointments within the Society. The length of training will of course depend upon the individual and there will be periodic assessments of progress.

The commencing salary will be within the region of £650-£800 per annum, and applications will be welcomed from both men and women between 20 and 30 years of age.

Applications giving full details of age, education, qualifications and experience to date, should be submitted to the Chief Officer and Secretary, London Co-operative Society Ltd, 54 Maryland Street, Stratford, E15.

All applications will be acknowledged and applicants advised if they are required to attend for interview.

HOME FOR AGED JEWS

105 Nightingale Lane,
Wandsworth Common,
London, SW12.

The Committee seek the services of a Secretary for this large and modern old people's Home of 233 residents with prospects of rapid promotion to the office of Administrative Director.

Candidates, who must be male and not over 45 years of age, should be well versed in the administration of a similar organisation with good knowledge of accountancy and be familiar with all religious requirements.

This is an exacting but rewarding position, suitable for a person of character with a vocation for the welfare of others. The commencing salary will be £1,250 per annum and a contributory pension scheme is in operation.

Apply with full details to: Mr Cecil Kahn, Chairman, at the above address.

VICTORIA University of Wellington, Palmerston North University College. Lecturer or Senior Lecturer in History. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned post. Subjects to be studied at Palmerston North University College include the history of Great Britain and Europe from about 400 to the French Revolution, together with overseas expansion. Applicants are asked to specify their special qualifications and interests. The salary for a Senior Lecturer will be £1,750 p.a., rising by two annual increments of £100 and one increment of £50 to £2,000 p.a.; for a Lecturer £1,250 p.a. rising by annual increments of £75 to £1,700 p.a. Initial salary will be determined according to the qualifications and experience of the appointee. Approved fares to Palmerston North will be allowed for the appointee, his wife and his dependent children; in addition actual removal expenses will be allowed within certain limits. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, (Branch Office) Marlborough House, Pall Mall, London, SW1. Applics close, in New Zealand & London, on 31 January 1962

UNIVERSITY College, Ibadan, Nigeria. Applications are invited for following posts in Department of Extra-Mural Studies for work in Western Nigeria: (a) Tutor or Assistant Tutor in Social Anthropology and (b) Tutor or Assistant Tutor in English, History, Economics or Political Science. Appointments to commence as soon as possible. Salary scales: Tutor £1,200 x 75 – £1,650 (bar); £1,725 x 75 – £2,175 p.a. Assistant Tutor £950 x 50 – £1,100 p.a. (or if over 28 or holding a higher degree £1,050 x 50 – £1,150 p.a.). Passages paid for appointee, wife and up to five children under 11 years on appointment, overseas leave and termination. Part-furnished accommodation at rent not exceeding 7.7% of salary. Children's, car and outfit allowances. Basic tour 15-18 months. FSSU. Detailed applications (6 copies) naming 3 referees by 20 January 1962 to Secretary, Inter-University Council for Higher Education Overseas, 29 Woburn Square, London, WC1. from whom further particulars may be obtained.

UNIVERSITY of Queensland. University College of Townsville. Lecturer in History. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned position. Preference will be given to applicants with a postgraduate degree and overseas experience. The main fields concerned are European and/or British and/or Australian History. The salary range will be £A1,830 – 6 x 90, 1 x 80 – £A2,450 with the addition of a Northern Allowance of £A30. The successful applicant will be entitled to participate in the benefits available to the academic staff which include FSSU type superannuation, Housing Assistance, Study Leave and Travel Grants. Additional information on the conditions of appointment may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth (Branch Office), Marlborough House, Pall Mall, London, SW1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 20 January 1962.

UNIVERSITY of Auckland, New Zealand. Lectureship in Psychology. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned post. Applicants should possess postgraduate qualifications and have research interests in experimental or social psychology. The salary scale for the position is £1,250 per annum rising to £1,700 per annum by annual increments of £75. Commencing salary within this scale will be determined according to qualifications and experience. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth (Branch Office), Marlborough House, Pall Mall, London, SW1. Applications close in New Zealand & London on 15 Feb. 1962.

BBC requires two Current Affairs Talks Producers (Sound). Post (a) Will be a member of 'Ten O'Clock' Editorial Group and will share responsibility for initiating and producing commentaries, interviews, discussions, etc. for 'Ten O'Clock' and for the weekly Current Affairs series in Home Service, also for 'Tonights Topic' in Light Programme. Good education essential and journalistic experience a great advantage since the work is associated with the news of the day and successful candidate will often work with BBC News Departments. Special knowledge of a relevant subject an asset and successful candidate will be expected to handle technical programme making facilities at high speed. Late evening work not more than twice a week. Post (b) will have regular responsibility for providing 'Woman's Hour' and 'Today' with items of current affairs interest, talks, interviews and discussions. Will also have the opportunity to put forward ideas and produce programmes in the current affairs field for other outlets. Good education and wide interest in events and their background essential and some journalistic experience desirable. Salary (both posts) £1,380 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,780 max. p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 61.G.574 N. Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days. Please indicate post applied for.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Queensland. Lecturer in History. The University invites applications for the above-mentioned post. Applicants should have an honours degree or postgraduate degree in history with an indication of special fields of interest and evidence of experience of or interest in research. The main fields concerned are British, European or American History. The salary range will be £A1,830-6 x 90, 1 x 80-£A2,450. The successful applicant will be entitled to participate in the benefits available to the academic staff which include FSSU type superannuation, Housing Assistance, Study Leave and Travel Grants. Additional information on conditions of appointment, staffing and activities of the Department, together with application forms, will be supplied on request to the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth (Branch Office), Marlborough House, Pall Mall, London, SW1. Applications close in Australia and London on 31 January 1962.

BBC requires Editor, Natural History Unit in Bristol. The BBC Natural History Unit, with its own complement of Producers and Film Research and Library staff, provides programmes for the BBC's National service in Television and Sound. The Editor is responsible, under general direction of Head of Programmes, West Region (where the Unit is based) for professional standards of the output and organisation of the staff. In addition to his own production work he will maintain liaison with outside bodies, particularly in scientific and academic fields, and should stimulate creative expression in terms of broadcasting. The post requires appropriate specialist qualifications as a naturalist and professional experience in at least one relevant sphere of production (television, film or sound broadcasting). Some practice in administration and financial negotiation desirable. Salary £2,425 rising by five annual increments to £3,025 max. p.a. Appointment might be made initially at a lower grade where an otherwise well qualified candidate required some technical training in production, or where an expert broadcasting practitioner needed time and opportunity to become more closely acquainted with the Unit's specialised activities. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 61.G.575 N. Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

BBC invites applications for Reserve List of Albanian Monitors (based at Caversham, near Reading), to provide candidates for future vacancies. Duties include listening to and selective reporting of contents of news and other broadcasts from abroad. Idiomatic knowledge of Albanian, perfect hearing, sound knowledge of world affairs, ability to type and translate into good English essential. Shortlisted candidates will be asked to undergo tests. Starting salary £1,060 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) with promotion to salary range £1,230-£1,555 p.a. when fully proficient. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 61.G.573 N. Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

LONDON County Council. Inspector of Child Care required in the Children's Department. The Inspectors (under the direction of the Chief Inspector) work as a team whose primary task is to ensure that high standards are achieved and maintained in the department's programme of case-work development both in the field and in the children's homes. Candidates should have appropriate academic qualifications and must have wide knowledge of and varied experience in the work of a Children's Department including family case work. £1,500-£1,700 plus allowance of £125 throughout. Forms from Children's Officer (EI/N/3080/12), County Hall, SE1, returnable by 6 January 1962.

MIDDLESEX County Council – Education Dept. Psychiatric Social Worker reqd at Tottenham Child Guidance Centre, Lordship Lane, Tottenham, N17. The Centre is staffed by a full Child Guidance Team, with adequate secretarial help. Opportunities for long & short term case work & close liaison with Health Authority. PTA quals. Salary £740-£1,000 plus London Weighting up to £40. Car allowance may be payable in certain circumstances. Prescribed Conditions. Enquiries and appointments to visit Centre tel. Tottenham 8898. Applic. forms from Borough Education Officer, Education Offices, Philip Lane, N15, returnable by 5 January. (Quote J. 174 N.S.)

TUTORS, male or female, beginning February, required to teach foreign students English, 3 hours mornings London (Streatham), also South Coast (full-time, July to September). Write in detail to Box 7677.

PART-time secretary needed; must be methodical, capable of working on own initiative, able to cope with eccentric, amiable boss and solitude. Please ring FINchley 5516.

THE Better job for the Better girl. From Mayfair Staff Selection Bureau, 5a Princes Street, Hanover Square, W1 (opp. Dickins & Jones). HYD. 6471.

MEDICAL Secretaries & Receptionists urgently required for Doctors and Hospitals Perm & temp. M & S Agency. 32 Queen Victoria St, EC4. CITy 7131.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BBC requires Producer, Woman's Hour (Sound Broadcasting). Duties call for someone with a lively mind with initiative and integrity to assist in preparation and production of items (i.e. talks, interviews, documentaries and discussions) for Woman's Hour, a weekday magazine on the Light Programme. Essential qualifications: good education, wide interests, experience of working under pressure. Desirable qualifications: experience in journalism or in production of amateur speakers for sound, stage, films or television. The job could offer scope for specialisation to a candidate qualified in one of the following fields: child-care and welfare; books and criticism of the arts; housewifery and home economics. Salary £1,380 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,780 max. p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 61.G.555 N. Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

SECRETARY for Embassy. English girl required with good English and French. Pleasant working conditions, good salary. The St Stephen's Secretariat, 239 High Holborn, WC1. CHA. 6691.

WOMAN capable of earning over £1,000 per annum is invited to discuss (in strictest confidence) an executive sales position with a friendly, progressive publishing company. Write Box 7647.

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TEMP. Sh./typists; frequent vacancies. 10-5. 11 gns. GK Bureau. MUS. 6858.

SENIOR Secretary, 28/30, for London Medical School. Salary £750. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0676.

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FELLOWSHIPS

THE University of Manchester, Simon Fellowships. The University offers a number of Simon Fellowships for advanced study or research in the social sciences. This term is used in a wide sense to include not only Economics, Government, Sociology, Economic and Social Statistics, etc., but equally fields such as the Organisation of Business, Education, Jurisprudence and Social Medicine. Values within the range of £1,150-£2,050 per annum (Simon Research Fellowships) or within the range of £2,150-£2,550 per annum (Simon Senior Research Fellowships), according to qualifications and experience. They are open to members of the public services as well as to persons with academic experience. Applications should be sent, by 15 Jan. 1962, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further parties may be obtained and who will be pleased to answer any enquiries regarding scope of the Fellowships.

PERSONAL

MATHS coach for intelligent but 'anti-maths' 17-year-old for GCE 'O' level. Barnet area, evenings or wkends. Box 7684.

YOUNG professional people invited William Temple Assocn, Anglican graduate society. London study groups on Immigration, Equality & Excellence, Monday to Saturday. Religion, etc. Opening service 6.30, meeting 8 p.m. 10 January. Branches elsewhere. Details: Liddon House, London diocesan centre for instruction, personal help, retreats, voluntary work, etc. 24 South Audley Street, W1.

REFRESHING indeed is the sparkling yet practical French of the gayest 'refresher' you can imagine, spoken by actors and actresses, in The Holiday Enjoyment Language Guide. Delightful book, together with four LP records from your bookseller at 37s. 6d., or post free for £2 from M.G. & B. Books (LUI), 140 Kensington Church Street, London, W8.

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BALLOGRAF Swedish ball-pen; 3 year guarantee, long-lasting refill. Black or blue 20s. post-free. Caravel Press, Moxon Street, London, W1. HUN. 0492.

PERSONAL—continued

CAMEO Players (Anglo-Jewish Theatre Group). Casting for Drama Festivals (Mar.-June) Act II 'All My Sons' by Arthur Miller. British Drama League, 10 Fitzroy Sq., W1 (nr Warren St & Gt Portland St Stns), Thurs. 4 Jan. 7.30 p.m.

ASPIRING Rodgers verging on despair still seeks Hammerstein. Box 7621.

CARTOONIST needs inventive ideas man. G. D. Robinson, 61 Brailsford Rd, SW2.

ACTORS (m. and f., expd amateurs) wanted for new play: London. Box 7694

YOUR name and address brings you Free 'Know-How Guide to Writing Success' (61st ed.). Full details of No Sales – No Fees training. Free 'Writer' subscription; two free writing encyclopaedias; plus surprise gift! BA School of Successful Writing Ltd, 124 New Bond St, Ldn, W1.

DESTINY of Man: week-end 19 Jan. at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon; 'External Study Seminar' 26 Jan. Send a card for 1962 list (incl. Summer Schools).

WE type tapes same day. Hire, sell dict. machines, tape-recorders. Collect and deliver London. Tape-Typing. MON 0188.

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SCHOLARSHIPS

BISHOP'S Stortford College, Herts. Examinations for the award of open scholarships between the value of £200 and £40 will be held on 31 May and 1 June 1962. For boys under 12 on 1 September 1962, English and Arithmetic; for boys under 14, usual papers. Music Scholarships also available. For particulars apply to the Headmaster.

SCHOOLS

STEINER Schools Fellowship. Education for children from Nursery Class to University entrance. Information regarding the educational work of Steiner Schools, reference books, availability of lecturers, etc., obtainable from Secretary, Wynstones School, Whaddon, Gloucester.

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NEW STATESMAN Great Turnstile London WC1

SCHOOLS—continued

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

JANUARY Labour Monthly: J. D. Bernal on Earl Russell 'Has Man a Future?'; 'The Dilemma of the non-Communist Left' Councillor Illtyd Harrington; 'The US Conspiracy' William Gallacher; 'Berlin: The Legal Rights' John Hostettler; 'Planning, Productivity and Wages': John Eaton. 1s. 6d. or 9s. half-yearly. Dept NS, 134 Ballards Lane, London, N3.

PLANNING and The Common Market; Scottish Economy. Labour Research, 1s. 2½d. p.f. 161 Drury Lane, WC2.

'WORLD Peace', The Journal of International Pacifism. Quarterly. Two years – $4.00. Post Office Box 6537S, Atlanta 15, Georgia, USA.

GERMAN books bought & sold. Libris, 38a Boundary Rd. NW8. MAI 3030.

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MIDHURST District. Ideal for a quiet stay, off the beaten track. Licensed, putting, billiards. Southdowns Hotel, Trotton, nr Petersfield, Rogate 93.

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ROYAL Court, SLO. 1745. Evenings 7.30, Saturday 5 and 8.15, Thursday 2.30. 'The Fire Raisers' by Max Frisch.

TOWER, N1. (CAN. 3475 9-6, CAN. 5111 6-8.30). New musical version of 'Ambrose Applejohn's Adventure'. Tonight; tomorrow, 3-6, 10-13 Jan. at 7.30. Mats tomorrow, 6 and 13 Jan. at 3.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. 'And Him Stretched' by Patrick Galvin. F, S, Sn. 7.45. Mems.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY (GER. 2981). Xmas prog. 16 Dec.-19 Jan. Olivier in 'Henry V' (U) in colour, and 'Volcano' (U) in colour.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until 31 Dec.: 'The Marx Brothers Go West' (U). From 1 Jan.: 'The Marx Brothers at the Circus' (U), 'The Running, Jumping Etc. Film' (U).

NEW Year's Eve Dance, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Sat. 30 Dec., 8-12. Tkts 6s. at door. International Friendship.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Book Now. Masked Twelfth Night Dance. Saturday 6 Jan., 8.30-Midnight. Dancing to the Brian Fredericks Quintet. Members 5s. Non-members 10s. Double tickets 12s. 6d.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED'S 1961 publications, pictures by Bratby, Cezanne, Corot, Gainsborough, Klee, Lowry, de Stael – all details from 11 Great Turnstile, WC1.

UPPER Grosvenor Galleries, 19 Upper Grosvenor Street, W1. HYDe Park 3091. 'Music in Painting' A Christmas Exhibition featuring Paintings with a musical theme. Keyboard and Early Stringed Instruments. 4 December 1961-15 January 1962.

QUEENSWOOD Gallery, 214 Archway Rd, N6. Gallery re-opens 1 Jan. with January selection. 10-5.30. Thurs. 10-1, Sat. 10-7.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Modern Argentine Painting and Sculpture. 4 January-10 February. Daily 10-6, Saturdays 10-1. Admission 1s. Members free.

NEW London Gallery, 17 18 Old Bond St. (GRO. 6755). Lynn Chadwick – First major London Exhibition for 10 years. 10-5, Sats 10-12. Admn free. Closes 30 Dec.

WADDINGTON Galleries. Six Painters: Hitchens, Hilton, Heron, Frost, Wells, Mackenzie. 10-6, Sats 10-1. 2 Cork St. W1.

DRIAN Galleries, 5-7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Selected Hundred of 1962. January Drian Artists Exhibition.

MOLTON Gallery. Black & White – a selection of drawings. Walter Nessler – Metal Reliefs – Charles Salisbury – paintings. 12 Dec.-20 Jan. 44 South Molton St. W1. Daily 10-6. Sats 10-1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St George St, W1. Rezvani – Paintings, Reliefs. Until 13 January. Rikko – Gouaches. Daily 10-5.30. Saturdays 10-1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. Exhibits relating to William Harvey, Edward Jenner, Pasteur, Lister, anaesthesia, electricity and medicine, child welfare, primitive medicine, drug jars, instruments. Monday-Friday, 10-5. Admission free.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Derek Hill: A retrospective exhibition of paintings and drawings 1938-1961. 23 November to 31 December. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays and 23 to 26 December inclusive. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

'FRENCH Maps and Mapping'. Exhibition organised jointly by the Cultural Service of the French Embassy and the Royal Geographical Society at the Royal Geographical Society (Exhibition Road Entrance). 28 December-22 January. Mon.-Sat. 10 to 5. Admission free.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

SEVEN Arts Gallery, 49 South Molton Street – first floor – Lithographs, engravings, water-colours, drawings by Lissitsky, Chagall, Favorsky, Picasso, Braque and Morandi. Open Monday to Friday 10-6. Saturday 9.30-1.

TANGANYIKA Independence Exhibition Commonwealth Institute. Until 31 Dec. Adm. free. Wkdys 10-4.30, Suns 2.30-6.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock Street, W1. MAY. 4419. Sculpture Exhibition '62. 1-20 Jan. Dly 10-6, Sat. 10-1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

MARGARET KNIGHT
on
HUMANISM AND THE SCHOOL

Humanist Council's session of the Conference of Educational Associations at the College of Preceptors, 2-3 Bloomsbury Square, WC1 on Tuesday, 2 January, at 6.30.

LISTENERS FOR PEACE

(1) TOUR OF BRITAIN (by Vehicle we hope). Depart Trafalgar Square, Sunday, 7 January, 2.30-3.30.
(2) VIA EUROPE TO RUSSIA. Depart London 13 May.
(3) Then we hope to AMERICA, CHINA and THE WORLD.

PROSPECTIVE LISTENERS AND HELPERS of all kinds please contact:
Organiser: DR RACHEL PINNEY, 443 Fulham Rd, London, SW10. FLA. 7008 (not Wed.) REN. 2223 (Messages)
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OVERSEAS Development Institute. Jean Thomas, Inspector General, French Ministry of Education, will give an open lecture on 'French Education and Developing Countries' at Chatham House (25 St James's Square, SW1) on Monday 8 January at 1.30 p.m. The Overseas Development Institute invites all who are interested to attend

CENTRAL London Fabian Society, Helen Rosenau: 'Art & Socialism'. Wed. 3 Jan., 7.30 p.m. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Visitors 2s. 6d. Secretary, 23 Shelley Crescent, Southall, Middlesex.

'IN Retrospect 1961' – The New Jewish Society, Simon Marks Room, YWCA, 108 Baker St, W1. Wed. 3 January at 8 p.m. Admission to guests 2s. 6d.

THE Working of The Mental Health Act: Dr L. T. Hilliard, Delegate Conference. 6 Jan., 2.30 p.m. 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, London, W8. (Nearest U/Ground Kensington High St). Details: Socialist Medical Association, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W8. (WEStern 7770).

ADLERIAN Society (for individual psychology). Open forum: questions invited. Tues., 2 Jan., 7.30 p.m. Alliance Hall, Palmer Street, SW1 (St James's Park Und). Visitors welcome 2s. 6d. (students 1s.).

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

GRAND Inter-Racial New Year's Eve Party, Sunday, 31 December, at 8.30 p.m. at Africa Unity House, 3 Collingham Gardens, SW5. Tickets: 5s. (includes food). Organised by the Movement for Colonial Freedom, 374 Gray's Inn Road, WC1.

PLANET Earth. The last three in the series of films produced by the National Academy of Sciences and the International Geophysical Year. 'The Force of Gravity', 'Secrets of the Ice', 'Challenge of the Oceans'. American Embassy Theatre, Upper Brook Street entrance. Thurs. 4 January at 6.30 p.m. Admission free.

RETROSPECT & Forecast 1861-1961: F. H. A. Micklewright MA. Sun. 31 Dec., 11 a.m. Talk and Colour Slides, 'Egypt's Glory', Gladys Farnell M.Sc. Tues. 2 Jan., 7.30 p.m. SPES, Conway Hall, WC1.

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THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8. Sun. 31 Dec., 6.30. Music & Readings, 7 p.m. 'Retrospect and Prospect': H. J. Blackham.

'RESOLUTIONS and Cyclic Law'. Public lecture, 31 Dec., 8 p.m. Free literature. S.a.e. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2.

PROGRESSIVE League January prog.: send s.a.e. Pope, 45 Claremont Rd, E7.

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